THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

FEBRUARY 1, 1809.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S" PRAYER TO THE DEVIL.

Oh thou, who from my earliest days
Hast smiled applause on all my ways,
Now shield me from destruction!
Unless thou grant'st they servant's prayer,
He must, alas! exist on air,
Or woodcock-like, by *suction*.

My wife, with whom I liv'd, Scott *free*,
(No longer "fortiter † in re,"

* "*Scott free*"—There is much ambiguity in this expression, and we do not exactly know whether the *Englishman* meant it to be understood in the usual sense, or that a person named Scott was joint proprietor with him in the Lady's affections and person. An ingenious friend of ours is of opinion that the *Englishman* intended to insinuate, that a gentleman named Scott, *freed* himself from the lady by marrying her to him. We know that the Englishman was acquainted with two Scotts; one a *Minor*, the other a *Major*; the latter of whom had formerly a very large property, both in the East Indies and in *the Hague*.

† This "Englishman" has here, in order, we suppose, to shew

S. Tipper, Printer, 37, Leadenhall-street.

Though still both kind and willing);
Is past her *profitable* prime,
And, *chasten'd* by the hand of Time,
Now scarcely brings a shilling.

Princes no more my libels dread,
No more their bribes procure me bread;
Men—women—children spurn me.
I've been by foes accurs'd unveil'd,
My plans of plunder all have failed,
I know not where to turn me.

Oh Satan, renovate my wife,
Grant her new vigor, charms, and life,
Maugre old Time's restrictions;
Thus she, tho' law and libels fail,
Will prove a rich estate in tail,
And solace my afflictions.

She, lib'ral-minded soul, disdains
The dull restraint of marriage chains,
And customs fram'd by man;
Thinks women should be free as air,*
And like licentious monkeys pair
With ev'ry male they can.

Still she has promised to bestow
No boon, without the *quid* pro quo,

his learning, introduced a quotation in defiance of the grammatical construction of the sentence, which required an adjective instead of an adverb.—Perhaps he supposed the Devil only understood modern languages, and therefore would not detect this error; but he may rest assured that his infernal Majesty is more accustomed to *dead* than *living tongues*, with the single exception of "AN ENGLISHMAN'S."

* "Like the *bawdy wind* that kisses all it meets.
SHAKSPEARE.—HEM!

In money, clothes, or locket;——*
Oh then, dear Satan, if you deign
To make her young and fair again,
She'll soon re-fill my pockets.

If this exceed the powers of Hell,
And you can not old Time repel,
Oh, first of mischief planners,
Teach me by your infernal art
To act a midnight robber's part
Unseen—unscourged by M******.

SACERDOTAL PROFLIGACY.

SIR,

THOUGH I have long noticed the vicious habits of some of the dignified clergy of the county of Hereford, I have hitherto abstained from any public censure of their enormities; hoping that my patience would at length be rewarded by witnessing the becoming exertions of ecclesiastical justice, and that those, whose duty and profession call loudly on them to watch over the sacred members of the church, would be roused by the sins of the profligate brotherhood, to exert their authority, and vindicate their honor: for every man sacrifices his honor who neglects his duty, and becomes an accomplice in crimes, which, though intrusted with the power, he has not the courage to punish, or prevent. But, seeing that others, weary,

* We understand that the lady is particularly partial to this latter species of ornament, provided they are formed of gold or diamonds. Clothes she likewise thinks very useful, as they enable her (*charitable soul!*) to cover the nakedness of her husband's prostitutes, who *were* frequently thus remunerated for their services.

like myself, of looking to ineffectual sources, have boldly advanced in support of morality and religion, I cannot, consistently with my conscience, any longer be silent.

In your valuable publication of last April, it is openly and boldly asserted; that, at a general meeting of the most respectable inhabitants of the county, in the Town Hall of the city of Hereford; and almost in the presence of the bishop himself; (for it was not a quarter of a mile from his palace) a doctor of divinity, belonging to his diocese, being forced to apologise for some unspeakable indecency, called his eldest son to his side; and, laying his hand upon the youth, with all the mock solemnity of confirmation, said; "I have made an apology; but, my boy, if ever you make an apology, may God Almighty damn your soul to all eternity!!" I tremble while I write it! What must have been the sensations of those who heard it? But, O God! can language furnish an epithet applicable to him who used it? A doctor of divinity, in the face of the united county, under the very walls of the bishop's palace, thus calling on the Almighty God of vengeance, to damn the soul of his innocent child to all eternity, if he ever did an act, which he, his father, had that moment performed!!! * * * * * * *

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The feelings of those who read, will better fill up this vacancy than I can.

If these are facts, why were they not noticed? If they are not, why did not this injured doctor step forward in vindication of his character. Will it be believed, that they were not noticed because they were not known; or, that the accuser was not brought to punishment from the meek forbearing disposition of the accused?—Let them not deceive themselves; the world will not be so deceived.

Those who are acquainted with the wary cunning of an ambitious priest, and the benefits, or injuries, that hang on ducal influence, can better account for the former: the latter we must attribute to the guilty conscience of the doctor. For though it may be too accommodating to oppose him in the execution of swearing, fighting, drunkenness, or debauchery; yet, not the Devil himself would dare to advance in the face of an injured or insulted public, to justify himself from crimes, of which, he knew all the world would convict him.

I hope I shall be credited, when I assert, that the personal insignificance of this profligate parson could never of itself have attracted my censure; he has not even qualities to be hated, and what we despise we seldom notice.

It is not the man, but the situation which he holds that makes him dangerous; I have as little wish to injure him, as he has ability to injure me; were it otherwise, he might tremble; strip his gown from his back, his hood from his shoulders, and I will readily leave him, cloathed with disgrace, with infamy, and shame, to the just vengeance of offended Heaven.

If a convicted felon were seated on the bench of justice, would not the whole nation rise in vindication of its insulted rights? not from any individual consideration of the man; but from the danger to which our property, our liberty, our lives would be exposed? And are religion and morality of less consequence than property? Let those who have investigated the first causes of revolution in a neighbouring state, who have witnessed its subsequent depravities and horrors; let those who have studied the history of declining kingdoms, who can account for the present degeneracy of every government on the continent of Europe, answer the question. Were the rights of property, or the sacredness of religion, first degraded in the eyes of the French? Is the open violation of law, or the

secret influence of depravity, more to be dreaded by the English?

I boldly assert, that it is far less dangerous to cloak a villain in the robe of justice, than to grace him with the mitre, or the hood. Morality and religion are the foundation stones of every national superstructure; and if they are injured, or removed, the whole edifice must totter to its base. The bold infringements of liberty, the violations of property, or the unjust sacrifice of life, call for immediate vengeance; they alarm our fears, before they have time to injure our laws; and, by rousing an oppressed people to the vindication of their rights, often establish them on a firmer basis than before. To the oppression of an individual, we owe the Habeas Corpus; to the violent measures of an unjust prince, we are indebted for the glorious Revolution. But the enemies of religion are far more dangerous; they sap unseen, and by their secret, and hellish influence, undermine the very foundations of our present and future happiness.

Let us return to the doctor. It was naturally expected, that the immediate result of his daring blasphemy would have been the abhorrence, and neglect, of every good, and honest man; and the fulminating sentence of the offended church. Such should have been the consequence; and this detested miscreant, punished, and disgraced, would have sunk to the level of his character, and crimes. Instead of which; after running from his parish to avoid a gaol; hunted through the kingdom by his deluded creditors; surrounded by bailiffs; and threatened by the law; he was sought in the stews and sinks of the metropolis; washed in the waters of ducal bounty, and delivered to the sanctifying hands of the bishop; to be at once raised to the envied eminence of a dignified pluralist. That very bishop, whose insulted diocese had rung, and echoed with his enormities!!—Let the young aspiring clergy, who

vainly labour in the vineyard of holiness, view this example of a bishop's favour; and seek in the successful practice of villainy, a way to protection, to fortune, and preferment.

My object is reform, and not abuse. Dr. C——— is no longer bishop of the diocese, he was immediately translated to a richer see. As to his merit, those who preferred him may have found it; I am no conjurer: he has been long a bishop, and I hope will be an honest man; at least we have this consolation; he cannot find another object whom it will be so criminal to protect.

Let us look with confidence to his successor, and give him willing credit for those qualities which our anxious wishes have painted him to possess: he will not deceive our hopes, nor suffer himself to be long indebted to our good opinions: a man of honor repays with interest what is lent with liberality. His predecessor's kindness has left him many opportunities to exercise his virtue; and, by the zealous performance of his duty, we shall glory in the degradation of prosperous villainy.

I will conclude with a few words to Dr. —— himself. Through a long career of unexampled profligacy and vice, you Dr. —— have relied with confidence on the dignity of your supporters; nor has that confidence hitherto betrayed you. But remember, that there are crimes, from the consequences of which, neither the power of a duke, nor the influence of a bishop can screen an individual. And, that every Englishman has the privilege to bring a criminal to justice.—Reflect and tremble.

CATO.

FRENCH MORALITY.

Intermissa Venus diu,
Rursus bella moves.——

Hor. lib. 4. od. 1. v. 1.

Mr. Satirist,

I have read with peculiar satisfaction the recent ordinations of Bonaparte, respecting the *filles de joie* of Paris. The imposition of a tax on that class of society, in respect of their way of life, which by this measure becomes legalized; the requiring of an orderly registration of their places of abode; and, finally, the subjecting of those who practice without being duly authorized by law, to the payment of a fine; must certainly elevate this moral and political revolutionist above his former eminence. He will no longer be defrauded of his rightful reputation. He will now, certainly, be characterized as a man wholly unshackled by those narrow prejudices, which render policy subservient to religion—as a man, whose genius soars far above the grovelling and vulgar principle called virtue.

A regulation so grand and glorious as this is, must necessarily receive the cordial sanction of every good man. But, alas! universal approbation is not attainable in this wicked world. There are persons who are stupid and perverse enough to attack this measure with the imputation of lax morality. It is supported, however, by the authority of the best and the wisest of the Heathens. The renowned Solon, as we learn from Plutarch, allowed the use of harlots, and encouraged the young men of Athens to visit them. The *sententia dia Catonis*, on this subject, is too well known to require repetition here. And Cicero is very express on the point——*Verùm si quis est, qui etiam meretricibus amoribus interdictum juventuti putet, est*

*ille quidem valde severus; negare non possum; sed abhorret non modò ab hujus seculi licentiâ, verùm etiam à majorum consuetudine, atque concessis; quando enim hoc non factum est? quando reprehensum? quando non permissum?** And shall the present age, blessed with superior refinement, and above all, possessing the lights of the gospel dispensation, of which the Heathens had not the advantage—shall this age be excluded by prejudice from advantages enjoyed by the ancients? Forbid it France!

Notwithstanding my admiration of this legalization of prostitution, I cannot deny that the design appears to me to be incomplete; or, at least, susceptible of great improvement. The effectiveness of this tax necessarily depends on the number of persons who compose the frail sisterhood. It is, consequently, of importance to keep up their number, at least, to its present amount; and, therefore, all secession from this way of life should be absolutely prohibited—every thing which could promote the *revocare gradum* should be most positively interdicted.

But the proceeding might be rendered more magnificent in design, and more efficient as a matter of revenue, by promoting the increase of the class of beings who are the objects of its operation. To this end every encouragement should be afforded to seduction. In many nations, rewards are bestowed on those who free their country of any destructive animal, or deliver it from any existing pest; and as chastity would have the effect of checking the increase of the revenue, under the administration of this law, there appears to be equal reason for making the ruin of chastity the subject of national remuneration. It is well known that the procurers of Athens enjoyed peculiar privileges.

* Orat. pro M. Cœlio.

Lastly, I think it essential to the perfection of this measure, that the profession it sanctions should be distinguished by a name referable to its tutelary genius. Among the ancients, the word "Κορινθιάζειν" was used, on account of the notorious prevalence of prostitution at Corinth, to signify an addiction to harlotry; so among us the phrase, "*to Bonapartize*," may be employed to perpetuate the memory of Napoleon's patronage. This term will, doubtless, be adopted and naturalized in every living language.

My object, Sir, in addressing these observations to you is, to bring them under the eye of Bonaparte, the self-created dispenser of "new and better orders of things." I am informed that he is in the habit of reading most of our political publications, among which it is impossible that he should overlook "The Satirist," in which his own character and that of his adherents are so truly depicted, and so justly estimated.

I remain,
Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient servant,
ANGLICANUS.

London, Jan. 11, 1809.

AN EXTRAORDINARY "CLUB" NOW FORMING!

MR. SATIRIST,

I dare say you often *soliloquise* in the words of your celebrated prototype—

Sunt quibus in *Satyris* videar nimis acer!

In those *Satires* especially, in which you, *not lightly*, lay your lash on those *seeming* saints, THE METHODISTS, not

even sparing that GREAT man—*teres atque rotundus*—or, in Shakspeare's words——

"with good *round* belly
Well capon lin'd,"

HUNT-*ington!*—who, by dint of matchless impudence and effrontery, has emerged from the LOWEST *obscurity*—to wit, from the *bottom* of a *coal-pit!* to *pulpit*-eer it above his "fellows." (Oh, he is a most "populous" man! And "the most finest horator!" Talk of your Basils, and your Chrysostoms! this *Bully-rook* will *beat* them all the world to nothing! "Sir, I can assure you, he is a match for the D—l!!!"*) But to return. They who think you, Mr. Satirist, *nimis acer*, or in the *vulgar* tongue, "too *sharp*" upon a daily increasing, and *seducing* sect, who are, not "praying" only, but *preying*† "without ceasing" on the simple and credulous, must surely be little acquainted with what is passing in "the *religious* world."...Now to the point.

Passing along Moor-fields one day last week, I met a most wretched *varlet* who seemed as if he had just given his *keeper* the slip. "Wither'd, and wild in his attire, he look'd not like an inhabitant of the earth, and yet was on't!" Such a *phiz!* so pale and so emaciated! a drop chin—long lantern jaws—ears of enormous growth, half

* The constant frequenters of *Providence Chapel* will *vouch* for the *truth* of this!! H. has often a *set to* with his *Satanic* majesty, when the D——l gets a hearty drubbing, and the "saint is triumphant!!!"

O *Democritus!* Wert thou living, how would'st thou *crack thy cheeks! Heraclitus!* (old boy!) How would'st thou *fret thy guts to fiddle strings!*

† A correspondent to THE SATIRIST, with great felicity, derives the word *Methodist* from the Greek μεθοδευω which signifies, says he, *to deceive, to beguile*, or, if you please, *artfully to pick a pocket!* —See *The Satirist*. No. VI. p. 45.

veiled with lank and greasy hair! From what I could see—or, rather, could *not* see, I verily believe the poor wretch was *shirtless*!

I stept aside to make way for this *knight of the woeful countenance*. But it would not do. He made towards me—turned up, most *pathetically*, the *whites* of his eyes—heaved a *profound* sigh—and venting an ejaculation *through the nose*, he slipt a printed paper into my hand, and vanished. You will easily imagine, Mr. Satirist, the greatness of my curiosity to see the contents of what had been, in so *grimace*-ful a manner, presented me. Accordingly, looking round, I found myself *hard by* Mr. LACKWIT's *Round-about*—I beg pardon—"THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES!!!"—built after the fashion of the *famous* Tower of Babel, and where there is a great CONFUSION OF TONGUES! I entered—took a seat in *Poets' corner* unobserved—and, then all impatient, began to cast my eye over the said hand-bill—when lo! Mr. Satirist, I was so suddenly seized with a most violent fit of, what is vulgarly termed, *horse-laugh* (to the *serious* discomposure of some *reading* gentlemen in "the LOUNGING ROOM") that I hurried out of the shop—(I mean THE TEMPLE) with as much precipitation as if I had been detected in committing a *plagiarism*.

Let me lay this precious *morceau* before you; not doubting but that you will, in like manner, lay it before your readers.

"A SOCIETY *is forming* called THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY, which *exceed* ALL OTHERS in its BENEFITS and BLESSINGS to *mankind* (!!!) held at the house of MR. EIVES, THE LEOPARD, Seward-street, Brick-lane, Saint Luke's, to be composed of one hundred members.

TAKE NOTICE, That there is no *enterance* money to be paid, no monthly *money*, no fines *or* charges will attend *belonging to* this society.

They *must* attend *a* place of worship appointed, for them, once every Lord's Day, *which will be in the afternoon!*

Service to begin at three o'clock.

To be *supported* by voluntary subscription. The poor members to be *supported* in sickness, and lameness, and *buried* IN CASE OF DEATH!!!

They must attend at the CLUB *house* once every other Monday night, from eight till ten; attendance will be *paid* to them. Each member to bring *sixpence* ONLY, as SOMETHING towards defraying *the expences of the* PLACE OF WORSHIP! *that* of the CLUB!! and for PRINTING and PUBLISHING *in order to bring more subscribers to the charity!!!*

A QUNTITY OF BEER will be *given free of expence* to them, which *when* DRUNK, to *withdraw!!!* The subscriptions will be open, when the number is made up, in case of illness in any member; but if more than one at a time be sick, some *trifling* more will be expected from the body of members *in case it should be wanted!*

Any member who CANNOT attend the place of worship must *give some reason for it!!* Any member behaving *unbecoming* will be excluded. *The* place of worship *is* Ratcliffe Row Chapel, near the City *Road.*

(Signed) JOHN YUDE, Secretary,
Wood Street,
Tabernacle Walk."

Match this, Mr. Satirist, if you can. Talk of "*clubs*" why this *knocks* all others o' the head! From some inquiries which I have been making, I find that Mr. *Secretary* Yude is the identical *Maw-worm* who accosted me in *Moor-fields!!* That you may see, Mr. Sat. that I have done *Goodman* Yude strict, and *literal*, justice (e. g.

"enterance"—"quntity"—"raod," &c.) I herewith transmit to you *the original*, not doubting but that you will carefully preserve it in the archives of your office.

By your leave, I will subjoin a few notes to the above *Articles*, in order.—*Obscuris dare lucem.*—Anglice.—To *shew a light* in the *dark passages*. (Mr. *Yude* seeming to imitate that great philosopher of antiquity who took to himself the title of Σκοτινος—*the obscure*!)

1. "A society which *exceed*"—] Not *exceeds*! The *methodists* are all for the "spirit"—they despise the "*letter*!"

2. "*Mr. Eives*, THE LEOPARD!"] *Qu.* Does "Mr. Eives" *make a beast of himself*, and a *wild* beast? Or does Mr. Yude pay him this *compliment?* If so, to say the least, it is not *civil*. Perhaps, here is an allusion to "THE LEOPARD changing his spots," and portends, that this *Mr. Eives*, now "a *publican*, and", of course "*a sinner*!" is about to become "a *new* CREATURE!" that is to say, to "change his spots." If so, THE LEOPARD is only A SIGN!

3. "The poor members to be *buried* IN CASE OF DEATH."] This is a good *put in:* shrewdly insinuating, that the "poor members" who belong "to all other CHRISTIAN societies" are (*horresco referens*!) buried ALIVE! O horrible! Most horrible!

4. "Each member to bring *sixpence* ONLY as SOMETHING."] Doubtless, to "a poor" man, "sixpence" *is* "something," and *something* considerable. But mark how far this "trifling," (to adopt Mr. Yude's style,) is to extend! "Towards the expences of THE PLACE OF WORSHIP, *that* of THE CLUB, and for PRINTING and PUBLISHING, *in order to bring more subscribers to the charity.*" Ho, ho, ho!

Why, if the "printing and publishing," (of which, we have here a *rare* specimen) do not promote the inte-

rests of the "club," the Devil, I mean the *printer's* DEVIL, is *in it*!

—"If more than *one at a time* be sick, some TRIFLING more will be expected."] This is unreasonable; for there has been "*trifling*" enough, in all conscience, already specified in the said articles.

Perhaps, this hint may be retorted on the transcriber. He, therefore, concludes,

Your's,

Mr. Satirist,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

London, Jan. 12, 1809.

A CHARACTER.

No. XVI.

Sprung from the warlike chief in Anna's day,
Who cross'd proud Gallia's hope of boundless sway,
When distant Danube heard the battle's roar,
And Europe's rights were rescued on his shore;
Of ancient times, reviving ancient worth,
When liberal manners mark'd illustrious birth;
Unlike of glorious deeds, the inglorious son,*
Staining the honors by his grandsire won
From Gallia's fleets, destroyed on Gallia's strand,
His proudest triumph, driving four in hand.
O Sp——r, graced with every liberal art,
Graced with that nobler boast, a liberal heart;
Say, what could tempt you from fair Honor's cause,
From guarding Britain's fame and Britain's laws;

* L—d H——.

To join the efforts of a mongrel race
Whom selfish ends and vicious means disgrace?
So far each breast removed from Virtue's care
That not one gen'rous vice is harbour'd there.
There, not Ambition's fervid glow we find,
The fever only of the noble mind;
Their dearest wish, with eager grasp to hold
The sordid spoils of patronage and gold;
And as when perils dire the bark assail,
The surge tempestuous, and the adverse gale;
The thoughtless sailors rob the purser's store,
Tho' billows fraught with fate around them roar:
So thus, when Britain struggling, tries to save
The wreck of Europe from Oppression's wave,
This avaricious crew their cares employ
To snatch from plunder'd realms a transient joy,
And gratify their avarice or their hate,
Tho' fell invasion thunder at the gate.
Sp——r, in time, thy erring steps retrace,
Quit the vile projects of this harpy race;
Know for each hair in that full bottom spread,
Whilom in legal curl round Er—n's head;
Yes, if for every hair a place should fall,
Their appetite has stomach for them all.

LETTER FROM A BRITISH SENATOR.

SIR,

Before I enter upon the principal subjects of this letter, allow me to express that veneration for your character which your recent intrepid, honorable, and effective exertions have inspired, not only in my own, but in the

breast of every good and loyal Briton. You have dauntlessly assaulted an host of human monsters, dragged them from their strongest holds, scourged them till offended virtue has pitied their anguish, and left them, howling and harmless, to be hooted even by those who were hitherto not ashamed to tolerate their wickedness. Where is the man who, like yourself, would have undertaken this daring enterprise? Where is the man who would have achieved it so gloriously?—I verily believe he does not exist. Your character must be impregnable, or it could not have sustained, uninjured, the accumulated, desperate and cowardly attacks of your outrageous enemies; but, Sir, you must prepare for another assault.—Your arch foe, Cobbett, has recently been in London, and for no other purpose than to organize a conspiracy against you. Hague, Finnerty, and the Editor of a weekly paper, whose name, in pity to his youth, I forbear to mention, have already joined him. The former is to write a letter, extolling Cobbett's principles and conduct, which is to be inserted in the latter's journal; and immediately after it will be given a tremendous phillipic against you, written by Cobbett, which will also appear in the POLITICAL REGISTER of to-morrow.* This man would not hesitate to attempt your destruction by *any means;* therefore, be

* Our readers will perceive that this correspondent was perfectly correct. A letter signed "AN ENGLISHMAN," (Hague's usual signature) in praise of Cobbett, appeared in a childish paper called the Examiner, and immediately after it an extract from the Political Register. We *have seen* letters written from Bath by Peter Finnerty to the conductors of certain daily newspapers, requesting them (alas! in vain,) to insert Cobbett's attack upon the *Satirist*, which, he informed them, WOULD APPEAR in the Political Register of the 14th of January. As these letters were all dated previous to that day, it is very clear that Finnerty and Cobbett acted in concert. It will be remembered that these two wretches were once sworn enemies; but they and their

upon your guard—*I know him well:* in his days of feigned virtue and patriotism, he has frequently had a seat at my table; but, in justice to myself, I must be allowed to state—that my door was closed against him long before his iniquities were publicly known, for I discovered him to be an unprincipled tyrant, and an unfeeling hypocrite. You shall receive from me next month some curious anecdotes of his fraternal affection, his domestic gentleness, his elevated sentiments, and of all those exalted virtues which ennoble his patriotic mind. In the mean time, I hope that he and his associates will receive, at your hands, the full meed of their merits. Proceed in your bold and honorable career; your enemies are already vanquished, and their attempts to rally can only be considered as the frantic efforts of despair and rage. *You now are known*, and, God be praised, your character is proof against the shafts of slander, which rebound from the shield of virtue with ten-fold vigour upon those by whom they are levelled. I am, Sir,

Your sincere friend, and

January 13, 1809. A British Senator.

STRICTURES ON COBBETT.

No. V.

A COUP DE GRACE.

At length this *galled* jade has winced. In his Register of January 14*th*, he *accuses us* of divers high-crimes and

companions in affliction and disgrace are now too well known to *smuggle* themselves into respectable society, and are therefore content to herd with each other.

"Swine herd with swine, and *knaves* sojourn with *knaves*."

misdemeanors; and, as usual, *proves himself* a WILFUL AND DELIBERATE LIAR.* We can make due allowances for the infuriated wrath of a detected felon; but, when we consider that this felon is yet at large, and weekly committing his depredations on the public, we feel conscientiously bound to arrest him in his career of imposition and infamy. We certainly did state in our last number that *we understood* Peter Finnerty had quitted the country, and we had good grounds for believing that he had, but it now appears that he merely spread a report of his absence, and remained *concealed* in London.—*William Cobbett*, however, is guilty of a gross falsehood in asserting that the wretch was as usual engaged in *his business* (unless he means that Mr. Finnerty's *usual* business is playing the rogue) for the proprietor of the morning paper, for which he *pilfered* news, has very properly withdrawn his countenance; neither is he permitted to forage or pilfer at Lloyd's coffee-house any longer. Such is the degraded and disgraceful state of Cobbett's *bosom friend.*

He (William Cobbett) refers his readers to pages 397 and 398 of the last volume of the Political Register, where, says he, "I noticed their" (meaning the Satirists') "vile attack upon the *wife* and FAMILY of Sir Richard Phillips, and said, that I had been told, that they were a nest of *turned off*, half-starved authors. I now find that I *was very correctly* informed." Page 45. Pol. Reg. Jan. 14th.

Now this is certainly a very ingenious mode of attempting to depreciate us in the estimation of his readers, and had it even the semblance of veracity, it might in some degree succeed; but the fact is, that it was Sir Richard himself whom we attacked, and although his wife was ne-

* We must again apologise to our readers for using such strong language, since it alone can make an impression on the iron heart of such a man as Cobbett.

cessarily mentioned in our review of his memoirs,* we never even alluded *to his* FAMILY.† As to our being "*turned off authors*, &c." we tell him again, as we have told him before, in the words of Doctor Johnson, that "*he lies, and* KNOWS *he lies!*"—

As the last effort of imbecile malice, forgetting his former assertion, he, within thirty lines thereof, declares that we are 'scorned *authoresses*:' if he *really* thought so, we are certain we should have long ago been threatened, by this magnanimous bully, with "a horsewhip, or a horse-pond;" but unfortunately for him, there never was, to the best of our knowledge, a single line of the SATIRIST written by a *woman*;‡ he may therefore continue to gnash his teeth, without the slightest hope of gratifying his vengeance, *with impunity*.

It appears that we have excited the poor man's fury to such a degree, that he has absolutely become *insane*, for surely no one in his senses would have written such absolute nonsense as the following:—"They assert that he *has fled from the country*, thereby giving a hint to the Attorney-general, if *he* were so disposed, to cause the *gentleman* accused" (Peter Finnerty!!!) "to be *arrested* and *imprisoned*."—Pol. Reg. Jan. 14th, page 45.—Which is as much as to say, that we endeavoured to persuade the Attorney-general *to arrest* and *imprison* a man who was *out of his reach!!!*

We must call the particular attention of our readers to a paragraph in the 46th page of the same Register. "These vermin" (meaning ourselves) "have, I find," says he,

* Vide Satirist. No. XII. Vol. III. page 185.

† By the word *family*, Cobbett evidently wishes his readers to understand that we had attacked Sir Richard's children.

‡ Except some Poetry, in our three first numbers, by the late truly amiable and lamented Miss Trefusis, to which her name was affixed.

"long been attacking me, and I *was shown*, in London, several of their PLACARDS against the walls with my name in IT."* Without stopping to criticise the style and grammatical *accuracy* of the sentence, we beg leave to state that WILLIAM COBBETT was NOT shown any of our *placards* with his name in IT (as he expresses himself) because *we never* yet caused any to be POSTED or PRINTED; neither have we, nor any body else, seen any of that description "against the walls;" therefore William Cobbett, and our readers must pardon us for applying to him the following quotation.

"You told a lie: an odious damned lie,
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie."

SHAKSPEARE.—OTHELLO.

In very little more than half an octavo page, this execrable man has actually written SIX WILFUL AND MALICIOUS FALSEHOODS!!!! the truth of this assertion we pledge our honors as gentlemen, and our reputation as authors, to establish whenever it shall be necessary.

"I grudge them nothing," exclaims he, "that they can get by me, to whom they cannot possibly do any harm." (Then why is he so outrageous?) "But Mr. Finnerty is less known;† with him the case is different,

* Those who compare the construction of this sentence with the first paragraph of Peter Finnerty's second letter to the Hon. Leicester Stanhope (vide Satirist, No. XV. page 502) will think that they were both written by the same *elegant* pen. If Peter has become one of Cobbett's literary drudges, we hope and trust that the Attorney-general will not persevere in the prosecutions which he has commenced against him, for Newgate, the Hulks, or even Botany Bay would be honorable retreats from such a degrading situation.

† What! a man who has twice stood in the pillory less known than William Cobbett!!! perhaps the latter may think so, because he is conscious that he has FIFTY TIMES *deserted the pillory!*

and therefore for his, and for the sake of others whom they may calumniate (meaning we presume Messrs. Hague, Trist, Ellrington, &c. 'all *honorable* men') I will just state to the reader that they have, in the most unequivocal terms, stated that I DESERTED from the army."* Page 46. Pol. Reg. Jan. 24.

The man is certainly mad! stark, staring mad! or he would not have taken such infinite pains to perpetuate his infamy. We did hint, and we *now* do "in the most unequivocal terms assert," that having, through malice, preferred some most foul, but groundless charges against certain officers of his regiment, he DESERTED AND WENT OVER TO FRANCE. In support of this assertion, we beg leave to lay before our readers the following conclusive and damning proofs, which, as they are recorded in the archives of the War Office, even William Cobbett, bold and practised as he is in falsehood, DARES NOT DENY.

In the beginning of the year 1792, a case† containing the following villainous facts, was, *by order of the then Secretary of War*, drawn up and sent to the Attorney and Solicitor-general for their opinions: viz. "That Serjeant-Major William Cobbett, of the 54th regiment, had accused Captain Richard Powell, and Lieutenants Christopher Seton, and John Hall, of divers crimes and misde-

* Here Cobbett has unwittingly committed himself; he begins his attack upon us with a pretence that he never reads the Satirist (which, by the bye, he informed the public, in the index of his last volume was *defunct*) but that being in London, "a *single* number was put into his hands." Now it so happens that the paragraph relative to Finnerty, and the hint of Cobbett's having *deserted* were in *different* numbers, therefore he must at least have had *two* "put into his hands." The fact is (as we declared in our last Satirist) that he regularly takes in our work.

† Any of our readers may see the record of this case at the War Office, where it will for ever remain a monument of Cobbett's infamy.

meanors; that in consequence of his pressing and repeated applications to that effect, a court martial upon these officers was appointed to be held at Portsmouth, where the 54th regiment was then stationed. That at the *urgent request* of William Cobbett, it was finally determined it should be held in London, contrary to the wishes of the defendants. That William Cobbett was desired to deliver in a list of the witnesses whom he wished to adduce in support of his charges; that he in consequence delivered in the names of MORE THAN FIFTY persons, who were accordingly ordered to be summoned; that all of them, with the exception of a serjeant who was absent on leave, and two or three privates who were prevented by illness, actually attended at the Horse Guards on the day appointed for holding the said court martial; that the said general court martial consisted of seventeen field officers. That although due notice had been sent to the residence of William Cobbett, the prosecutor, and every possible means used to find him, he did not appear: that to promote the ends of justice, the Court agreed to adjourn till Tuesday in the next week, previous to which every exertion was made to find the prosecutor. That the Court having reassembled, pursuant to adjournment; they were informed that the said William Cobbett had ABSCONDED and could no where be found. That the Court nevertheless proceeded with the trial of the defendants, and desired all the numerous witnesses whom William Cobbett had caused to be summoned, to state what they knew relative to the charges against the said Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall. That NONE of the said witnesses *knew any thing whatever about those charges;* that the defendants were honorably acquitted; that there was little doubt but that William Cobbett had MALICIOUSLY accused the said officers for the purpose of

distressing them, and that to obtain his iniquitous ends he had not hesitated to DECEIVE THE CROWN AND MAKE A MOCKERY OF PUBLIC JUSTICE."

The opinion of Sir J. Scott, and Sir J. Mitford (then Attorney and Solicitor-general) on the above atrocious case, is to this effect: That although Cobbett's conduct was most scandalous, he could not be prosecuted criminally, unless it could be proved that he had conspired with others, but that all the injured parties might support actions against him. This, however, was found to be impracticable, for the vile delinquent had DESERTED his king and country, and sought protection in the arms of revolutionary France. We request all those who doubt the correctness of this last statement, to compare the date of the warrant* for holding the before mentioned court martial, with page 48 of the fourth volume of Porcupine's works, where Cobbett mentions the time of his arrival in the land of anarchy and murder.

The discharge which he boasts of having obtained from Lord Edward Fitzgerald was most scandalously granted by a TRAITOR, as the price of meditated TREACHERY; and General Frederick, who was then colonel of the 54th regiment, knew nothing of Cobbett but from Lord Edward's representation, who of course gave his diabolical instrument an excellent character. Even his own documents state that General Frederick consented to "his discharge at Major Lord Edw. Fitzgerald's request," who shortly afterwards perished as a traitor—alas! that his renegado agent should have so long defrauded the gallows of its due!!!

That William Cobbett should have endeavoured to repel our attacks by desperate falsehoods, has not in the least

* To be seen at the Judge Advocate's office.

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surprised us, and when our readers shall have perused the following anecdote, the authenticity of which we challenge him to disprove, they will shudder at the diabolical disposition and horrible depravity of this unparalleled monster.

When Cobbett (enraged that his proffered services were rejected by the democrats of Philadelphia) became a furious royalist, his principles were opposed by one of the most respectable men in America. Instead of attacking this gentleman by argument, or bringing forward any facts against him, he endeavoured to effect his ruin by means which none but the most black-hearted villain that ever existed could have devised; and broadly insinuated in one of his periodical papers that he was adicted to practices at which nature revolts.

Being asked by a friend, *in the presence of others*, if he *really* believed that Mr. ———* was a man of that horrible description: the unblushing monster impudently replied—"No more than that you and I are! but he is my opponent; it is my business to pull him down; and as he is an effeminate looking man, I know no means so likely to effect his ruin as those I have taken!" Such and so infamous is William Cobbett, and yet his accursed Register, (though in a rapid decline) is still perused by some scores of Englishmen, many of whom excuse themselves by saying—"We know he is a scoundrel, but still his low abuse is sometimes entertaining." These persons would do well to consider, that every tenpence they expend in the purchase of this infernal work, contributes to the support of the most unprincipled, mischievous, and atrocious monster that ever disgraced their country.

We have, thank God, completely succeeded, not only

* Delicacy alone prevents us from publishing the name of the party.

T. Gillet, Printer.

in exposing his iniquities, but also in probing to the quick his almost callous heart. It is in vain that he affects to despise our chastisement; his shallow subterfuges, his imbecile efforts to defend himself, and his daring falsehoods, all manifest the violence of his rage and the agony of his soul.

Jan. 23, 1809.

NOUVEAU DICTIONNAIRE IMPERIAL FRANCOIS.

THIS magnificent publication by the *Institut* of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, in 15 volumes folio, is obviously intended to serve as a "CODE DE NAPOLEON" in the *Belles Lettres* of revolutionized Europe. The powerful influence of the press is thoroughly acknowledged by the subtle Corsican; and its extensive application to the furtherance of his views of ambition, in the gigantic instance before us, is already hailed by his lexicographers and *sçavans*, as the certain instrument of success. To men of reflection and forethought; to those, who are accustomed to refer events to their causes, and to judge of causes by their effects; to all, in short, who presume to think, to examine, to compare, and to reason for themselves, no enterprise, indeed, will appear more feasible, than one which aims at universal dominion, by operating on the passions and prejudices, on the hopes and fears, on the wishes, sentiments, opinions, and partialities of *the public mind.*

The idea originated with those arch-apostates from order, morality, and religion, d'Alembert, Condorcet, Diderot, Voltaire, &c. the leading authors of the *Encyclopédie François;* it was attempted to be improved by

the savage and mysterious *illuminés* of Germany, of late years, under Weishaupt of Bavaria; but its completion and full blaze of meridian glory seems to have been reserved for that most incomprehensible "child and champion of jacobinism," NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the *Autocrat* of regenerated France and Italy, the *Protector* of the confederacy of the Rhine, and the *Foster-father* of Spain and Portugal.

We expect soon to be favoured by an American now resident in Paris, (from whom *de tems en tems* we have often received the most flattering civilities, and still more flattering assurances of future kindness,) with a perfect copy of this splendid "DICTIONARY:" at present, however, we can only lay before the readers of THE SATIRIST a few specimens, copied off at hap-hazard, as they were communicated to us in MS. by our zealous and very intelligent correspondent, whose name we reluctantly conceal, in compliance with his express desire. We are only at liberty to assert, that our ingenious friend is totally unconnected with Sir Francis Baring, Bart. of *toast-giving* memory, whose exploits we faithfully recorded in No. XII. pages 151, 152, 153.

I. "ARISTOCRAT. Ce mot vient du Grec: Autrefois la signification en étoit bonne, actuellement l'épithète veut dire *un taurien*; un homme de l'ancienne cour; enfin, un scélérat, *soupçonné d'être suspect*.

II. "REPUBLIQUE. Ce mot vient du Latin: Autrefois il signifioit une société de gens libres, maintenant on l'applique indifféremment *à la France*, à la Russie, et à la Turquie.

III. "LIBERTE. Un sobriquet amer, employé quand l'Empereur adresse ses proclamations à ses bons sujets, aux Allemands sous sa protection, *aux conscrits enchaînés*, ou aux habitans d'Alger.

IV. "INSURGENT. Autre sobriquet, employé par deux Empereurs modernes contre des nations qui osent se soulever de concert contre la fraude, la perfidie, la violence, le vol, *et l'usurpation.*"

From these four slight instances, the literary world will, at once, discover the mighty drift of the Despot who lords it over the continent.

STANMORE PRIORY.

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.*

AT Stanmore Priory, the mansion of the Marquis of Abercorn, a custom has long obtained popularity among the vistants of the family; viz. for each ingenious individual, *ad libitum*, to draw up some epigram, riddle, conundrum, facetious tale, or other *jeu d'esprit*, in prose or verse, and to hand over his or her composition to Lord Aberdeen, the good-natured treasurer; who first privately reads the whole contributions, and then makes such selections from them, as he deems most worthy to amuse the gravity of the noble host, and excite the mirth of his company, at breakfast, by a public recitation.

It seems that, *within this century*, Lord Abercorn bitterly complained every day to the gentlemen, who almost universally wore boots, that their blacking had a very unpleasant odour.—Mr. Thomas Sheridan, remarking a certain *peculiar* dinginess of hue on his Lordship's own gloves, readily hit off the following truly humourous lines, which, we persuade ourselves, our readers will consider

well deserving of a place in the pages of THE SATIRIST. We have never yet seen them in print.

I.

Quoth Lord Abercorn's *glove* to Lord Aberdeen's *boot*,
" Leave the room and be d——d, you vile stinking brute!
" Whence this insolence, pray, that you dare interpose
" Yourself 'twixt the wind and a nobleman's nose?"

II.

Quoth Lord Aberdeen's *boot* to Lord Abercorn's *glove*,
" Do you think by such language your breeding to prove?
" Never fancy, proud minion! that rudeness is wit;
" But, since you've been *black'd*, prithee, *polish* a bit."

III.

" *Been black'd*! you vile scoundrel! I'd have you to know,
" That, while you are scrubb'd on, and spit on below,
" By some knave, groom, or footboy, at other's command,
" *My blacking's laid on by his Lordship's own HAND.*"

IV.

" Like enough," says the *boot*; " but it must be confest,
" If we judge by your looks, it was none of the best;
" You're too greasy to polish, too rotten to mend;
" 'Pon my *sole*, would his Lordship my counsel attend,
" He'd improve his appearance and grow *somewhat* neat,
" Putting *me* on his *fingers*, and *you* on his *feet*."

THE LOITERER.

No. XII.

If it were not for that species of ingratitude, which forms so striking a feature in the human character, the impatience of obligation and the consequent desire to con-

ceal it, there might be some difficulty in accounting for the general aversion and contempt in which scandal appears to be held. For the least reflection will serve to shew the numerous advantages which arise from it, and the absolute impossibility that, without it, society should exist in its present state. Scandal may, indeed, be compared to yeast, which puts the whole mass, where it is applied, into a state of fermentation, but at the same time purges off impurities, communicates an agreeable briskness and spirit, and preserves the whole from vapidity.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to point out any situation in life, where the advantages of scandal are not fully appreciated and experienced; but its merits will be better illustrated by particularlising a few instances, in which they are more conspicuously eminent. In this review the political circles naturally engage our first attention. There slander, thriving as in a hot-bed, is to be seen in all its various shapes: the barefaced falsehood, the sly insinuation, the malicious sneer, the hypocritical extenuation of imputed crimes. If those, who are out of place, employ detraction as the most powerful engine to overthrow their adversaries, and ring the changes on impotency, peculation, prodigality, and unconstitutional proceedings; they, who are in power, retort with equal skill and effect, the charge of faction, disloyalty, and interested views: and there is generally as much truth on one side as the other. Scandal, indeed, is interwoven in the very essence of politics, and there is no statesman who has not studied it as a science, and thoroughly understands its practice.

At court it has no rival but flattery, of whom scandal may be called the twin-sister; and both act there in perfect unison, and promote the same end. For where wisdom and virtue are so seldom seen, to detract from the merits of the wise and good, or rather to deny altogether the

existence of wisdom or virtue, must be the most delicate, the most graifying; and the most successful species of flattery.

But in nothing is the efficacy of scandal more apparent than in affairs of love and gallantry. To dislodge a rival, or undermine the affections of a wife, no mode of attack, either in the first approaches or more advanced stages of the siege, presents so many advantages, or is so certain of success. Alarm the suspicions or the pride of the besieged, convince them that they are deserted and despised by those, on whose account alone they hold out, and they have no motive left them to prevent their surrender. If a woman be once induced to suspect that her charms are neglected by her lover or her husband, (and the more improbable the story may be, the more readily will it be received,) she will easily be persuaded to avenge herself by retaliating the supposed injury: and this without waiting to inquire into the truth of the tale; because in this investigation her passions might have time to cool, and injuries in love are never revenged in cold blood. To point out, however, the various modes, in which scandal may be employed to advantage in promoting the success of an intrigue, would be an equally endless and unnecessary attempt; for where the yearly crop of horns is found to be so constantly abundant and progressively increasing, the mode of planting and cultivating them must be supposed to be well understood.

But of such general currency is scandal, and so easily convertible to profit, that there are many who, without any such particular object in view as those already hinted at, set up manufactories, where the public are supplied wholesale and retail with all sorts of scandal ready made. In this class may be reckoned most of the journalists, and all the writers and sellers of fashionable novels, professing to relate anecdotes of eminent living

characters. And here the great public utility of a general system of scandal is particularly manifest; since most of these dealers, if they could not find a ready market for their commodities, must take to the highway, or some other dangerous mode of procuring a subsistence: in which case, that inveterate enemy of distinguished talents, Jack Ketch, would most probably, under the plea of law, soon deprive society of such illustrious ornaments.

But there is still a lower and more insignificant species of scandal, which affords amusement and employment to a very numerous class. This is that tea-table gossip, those village annals, which are communicated by nods, and winks, and shrugs, and whispers in a circle of prudish wishful old maids, and disappointed widows, grown musty by neglect. To this class may be referred the military in garrison. Without one single idea, which they can claim as their own exclusive property, when shut up in an island or fortress, where there are no ideas to be borrowed, their tongues, but for a little gossiping scandal, would grow as rusty as the blades of their swords, which never venture out of their scabbards but on parade days. To such persons, therefore, scandal may be said to be as absolutely indispensible as their epaulette or sash: and if it were necessary to illustrate still further its agreeableness and utility, by shewing among what other classes of society scandal is most prevalent, tailors and hairdressers might be instanced, as proverbial for their indulging in the love of it, and their excellence in the practice.

The world, indeed, though affecting coyness on the subject, has from the earliest times gratified its passion for scandal to an almost voluptuous excess: and it is a passion which craves the more, the more it is fed. From the specimens that remain to us, we may judge how much it was cultivated in ancient Greece and Rome. The inter-

esting *crim. cons.* of an Helen, an Olympia, and a Julia, are painted in the graceful colours of ancient simplicity. The amours of a Pericles and Aspasia, an Antony and Cleopatra, the warmth of Messalina, the effeminacy of Sporus, and the epicurianism of Lucullus, are dwelt on sufficiently, and referred to often enough, to shew that such were favourite topics of conversation in ancient parties. And though, since the present day supplies exact parallels of each case recorded in their scandalous chronicles, we cannot doubt the truth of the representation, we may be assured, that nations so famed and venerated for all that can dignify or adorn human nature, would not, though true, have encouraged the circulation of such tales, if they had not been thoroughly sensible of the great public advantages arising from scandal. For as to the truth of the tales, they must have known, as well as the great luminary of the law, who first delivered the maxim to the present age, that the greater the truth, the greater the scandal.

In short, as in the vegetable world salt is universally found, and is thence presumed to be absolutely necessary to its existence, so scandal from its being met with every where may be considered as the indispensible salt of society. The analogy, indeed, may be carried still farther: for, like scandal, the manure which supplies this valuable salt to the vegetable tribe is composed of the vilest refuse, is scattered abroad by the lowest of mankind, and is used as a most familiar and striking expression of contempt, even by those who derive most advantage from it.

Jan. 14, 1809.

HINTS TO MODERN QUACKS.

Physic, though simply and derivatively *nature*, has yet, through avarice on the one part, and ambition on the other, been long changed into an *art*; and it is now an art not only of curing, but also of transposing disorders, being an infallible remedy for consumptions in the doctors' purses, though it causes violent aggravations of the same complaints in the pockets of their patients.

Some of you Gentlemen, in your Treatises on the *Divine Art*, so invitingly addressed to the youth of both sexes, seem disposed to deduce it from very high antiquity; and I have read somewhere, that we first learned surgery from the Hippopotamus, who bled himself with a sharp reed, when sick; from the Ibis giving himself an *enema* of salt water with his long bill, for even in those times *long bills* were in fashion; and we are also told that old King Prœtus's daughter was cured of madness, by sucking a goat fed upon hellebore.

How far all this might be true, I will not attempt to dispute with you, who are appointed *by the blessing of God*; but it is plain that the first medicines were really simples, and might have continued so to the present day, if none but *real* old women had been allowed to meddle with them, among the ungraduated.

It is your interest, however, to guard against this misapplication of the *art*, and to permit no old women to interfere with the health of mankind, unless they will recommend your vegetable elixirs as a proper companion for the cordial bottle.

You have been accused, Gentlemen, of dealing in *death*, but to me it is evident that you have *given life* to an immense host of bottle-makers, box-turners, puff-printers, and bill-stickers. It is said, that the Egyptians and Chal-

dæans, as well as some other eastern nations, in order to improve their knowledge in curing diseases, had a custom of bringing their sick and diseased out of their houses, and placing them in their most public streets and highways, that the passers by might inform them of the medicines by which they, or their friends, had been cured of similar disorders; a custom, however, now totally unnecessary, as your bills, so unblushingly distributed at every corner, afford us the most accurate information of a speedy cure, or of convenient temporary retirement.

I have also read of an old custom in Greece, of putting up tablets of gratitude in the temples of Esculapius, a custom which continued even to the days of Hippocrates, who may be said, not only to have been born, but to have been begotten a physician, being the eighteenth in descent from Esculapius, by his father's side, and the nineteenth from Hercules, by his mother's, thus excelling in *birth*, as in *science*, any *seventh* son of you all. Upon these tables, they described not only the disease, but also the medicines and method of treatment, so as to form a kind of pharmacopeia and medical dictionary, for the use of the pilgrims who flocked to those shrines, in as great numbers, as our fashionable or hypochondriac patients do to Bath, or Brighton. To establish such a practice now, might undoubtedly be as inimical to the health of his Majesty's liege and *self-willed* subjects, as the distribution of your nostrums; but we may take a hint from it, and inscribe upon the *tablets* in our church-yards, the disorder and treatment, and even the name of the *guide* who had *directed* the weary traveller to this his last inn. This would also completely put a stop to *suicide*, as any unfortunate person, who was tired of this world, by a reference, would easily know *where to apply*.

As Pythagoras is said to have introduced philosophy into the theory of physic, you will undoubtedly follow so

venerable an example, and in this age of credulity, you may persuade your patients of the truth of his doctrine of transmigration, and even that *you* are now the living vehicle appointed as a dwelling for *his* soul.

In looking into the practice of Hippocrates, we find that he was particularly attentive to the changes of the weather, and of the seasons;—so must you be also. When your rich patients are tired of your prescriptions and attendance, you will therefore carefully consult your almanac; sending them in July and August to South End and Margate, in September and October to Cheltenham, and to Bath immediately after the Christmas holidays.

You derive great advantages from the familiar footing on which you are received into opulent families, who in physic, as in religion, often prefer the pupil of inspiration, to the calm disciple of the schools: and as Erasistratus is said to have discovered that Antiochus was enamoured of his stepmother Stratonice, and that his disorder arose from that source, by the alteration of his pulse and countenance on her entering his chamber, so you, in your course of practice, may discover many charming little secrets, and if you are an ingenious fellow, may turn them to your own advantage.

Your colloquial and communicative powers will be of great service to you in extending your practice; and in most of our principal towns, where the title of *doctor* is bestowed on the humblest retainer of the pestle and mortar, they will be a ready passport of introduction into the first circles, particularly if you understand music; not that I think music so absolutely necessary as Pliny does, who asserts that no one can understand the pulse without a knowledge of music and geometry; this great *natural* philosopher, perhaps, means that the *terms* of these arts were used for want of chronometers, to divide and measure the times of the pulse's motion; now this may afford you

a hint in the present dearth of novelty in fashionable practice.

Instead, therefore, of taking out your watch or half minute glass, you may hum an opera tune, or the minuet in Ariadne; to a male patient in a fever, from last night's excess, you can jig up the Black Joke, or you may count the slow throbs of some antiquated maiden to the dead march in Saul.

In attendance on your patients, you will be careful never to offend them by any hints of death, or by any thing which may induce them to send for another of more politeness, and perhaps more skill. This caution however is needless, when I recollect that the whole History of Quackery gives us but one solitary instance of a physician *gaining* by offending his patients. I allude, as you well know, to *Arcagathus*, a Greek practitioner, who was brought *as a slave* to Rome, after the conquest of his country by the Roman arms. At that time the Italians had made very little progress in the art of physic or surgery, and Arcagathus attempting to use the knife and cautery, as a *radical* mode of extirpating *all* disorders, they were so much offended, as to *send him home again.*

We are told some pleasant stories of *Asclepiades*, who was brought up a rhetorician, but judging physic to be a better trade, he found his way to Rome, and set up for himself. Here he found that Arcagathus had been banished for a practice judged cruel by the *humane* and *feeling* citizens of this metropolis of the world; he therefore did, as many of our medical pretenders do in the present day, he adopted a mode of practice which he thought would please his patients, even though it did not cure them, and his success, *as now-a-days*, was invariable. If we are to believe all that is told of him, he was the Doctor Graham of that day, being the inventor of medicated baths, sus-

pended moving beds, celestial ones we may suppose, and Merlin's chairs.

The rage of theory, which has so much adorned your literary labours, appears even then to have made some progress, if we can credit all that is told us of *Themison*, a pupil of the last mentioned quack, who having cunning enough to see the folly of his master's system, was yet stupid enough to invent one of his own, which rivalled the other in absurdity; this was, that adstriction, contraction, and relaxation, or a proportion of the three, were the cause and cure of all disorders! Hear this, ye Electricians, ye Magnetizers, Galvanists, Brownonians, Anti-Brownonians, Darwinians, &c. &c. hear this! and *blush* (if you can) at your own want of originality.

If the attractions of a chariot, gold-headed cane, &c. should fail in extending your practice, as rapidly as your merit deserves, it may be proper to invent a medicine, or a mode of practice which shall astonish by its singularity;—not that I intend you should bespatter your rivals in the front page of a morning paper; though, indeed, if it is proper to imitate the ancients in other things, I do not see why we may not do so in this, as it is now well ascertained that medicine at Rome, at the commencement of the Christian æra, was nothing but a collection of nostrums; each physician endeavouring to establish his fame, on the excellence of *his* medicine, and the pomposity of its appellation; and Andromachus, who had invented a wonderful species of *Theriaca*, was even made *Archiater*, which we may translate "President of the Quacks!" nay, we are even told that the prices of these nostrums were immense; *Danaus* sold an eye-water for 120 *numismata*, and *Nicostratus* usually charged two talents for his cure for the cholic. This sum, if of silver, was 375*l.*; if of gold, was 4,500*l.*; but even the

smallest sum was something superior to Brodum's Elixir, Solomon's Cordial, or the Antibilious Pill.

You will study to keep up appearances, not only by the hackneyed modes of keeping a carriage, though not wanted, having a man to call you out of every public place, or public company into which you may enter, &c. &c.; but you will also, on being admitted into an opulent family of maiden sisters, contrive to feel the pulse of each, so as to find where *your* prescription is most wanted. It is true you cannot marry the whole family, but, by rendering yourself *useful*, you may become *necessary*, and they will allow you at length to *prescribe* for them in all things.

Thus much, Gentlemen, for your *public* conduct; should I find you improve from my hints, I may, at some future day, give you some for your private practice.

Yours,

CROP THE CONJURER.

THE CANTAB.

No. IX.

ONE of the most powerful causes of the eccentricities of manner and disposition, which are the usual consequences of a long residence in the University, is the want of female society. The town of Cambridge is by no means remarkable for the selection, or the refinement of its inhabitants. They consist principally of tradesmen dependent on the University, who pride themselves in giving their daughters every accomplishment which can be purchased at a boarding-school, but who have neither the power nor the incli-

nation to teach them those lighter graces of manners and address which may be found even in less cultivated females of the metropolis.

The prejudices, therefore, which an under-graduate is likely to entertain against every thing that is at all connected with business, is by no means overpowered by the charms of their behaviour and conversation. To mingle, as in other provincial towns, with the respectable families of the county, is impossible; for the general appearance of Cambridge, the obstrusive impertinence of its students, and the *necessary* paucity of its amusements, are sufficient to prevent any family of fortune from protracting their visit much longer than the time required to examine its curiosities. In this dilemma, a resident graduate, who has not an unconquerable antipathy to tittle tattle, and snuff-taking, may endeavour to amuse himself by the society of about half a dozen old maids, the relatives of the college dignitaries, whose knowledge of music is confined to "*The Maid of Richmond Hill*," or, "*We are of a dolorous Crew*," whose favourite games are *commerce* and *matrimony*, and whose conversation is a mixture of bad English and mutilated French. Should it chance, by some unforeseen accident, that there is *one* pretty or accomplished female of the party, his pleasure is soon repulsed by the frowns of her companions, who, if he happens to pay her the common attention of politeness, express their mortification and their jealousy by shrinking into an attitude almost as graceful and seducing as that of the *chin-suspended patients of the Sheldrake*.

The celibacy of the Fellows is naturally considered by themselves as an unjust and unnecessary restriction, and has always been a subject of ridicule to the wit, and of indignation to the moralist. A few enthusiasts have been induced to stigmatize it as the last vestige of monkish ignorance, or popish idolatry; and one of our reviews has at-

tempted, with more wit than prudence, to ascribe to it the annual initiation of more than five hundred prostitutes!

The last accusation, we believe, to be utterly unfounded. Independent of that spirit of religion with which it may be charitably hoped that *many* of the graduates of Cambridge are inspired, their habits of scholastic seclusion are by no means favourable to so wonderful a success in the art of seduction. But whatever may be the evil tendency of the restriction, it may be confidently affirmed, that its removal would lead to the final ruin of the University. The charge of injustice is utterly ridiculous, for the Fellow's acceptance of the fellowship is voluntary. He knows the difficulties to which he must expose himself by forming even an implied engagement before he has a reasonable prospect of a living; and if he be a man of any firmness, will place the necessary guard upon his passions.

The principal colleges of Cambridge are much too small for the reception of their present members. Many of the *Fresh-men* belonging to the larger colleges are obliged to take up their residence in the town. Every staircase is crowded with inhabitants, and many of what are called *rooms*, consist only of a study, with a *recess* instead of a *bed-chamber*. To croud a family even into the best rooms of Trinity, would be impracticable. The broils likewise of drunkenness, the orgies of obscenity below, and the riots above which are continually heard on every step of a college staircase, would soon compel any lady to change her residence. To build lodges for the reception of such fugitives, would not suit, we are assured, the present finances of the University, and we are afraid that its members must wait for a considerable time before the appearance of another DOWNING. To take a furnished house in a place so expensive as Cambridge, would suit only such men of fortune as could not justly consider it any hardship to relinquish his fellowship after marriage to a more necessitous

graduate. It may be questioned, whether prizes so valuable as *heiresses of seventeen* would often fall to the lot of the Fellows of a College.

The licentiousness and impudence of the generality of the Cambridge men, have been sufficiently delineated in some of our preceding numbers. To suppose that they would be restrained from rudeness, or indelicacy to females placed in the situation we have described, is in the highest degree unreasonable. A married Fellow must seclude himself from the visit of every under-graduate. The masters are secured from such dangers by the dignity of office, and the respectability of age, as well as by the isolated situation of their lodges, but a Fellow is in a constant habit of association with the Fellow-commoners, and the pensioners of fortune, too many of whom would consider the seduction of his wife as an act of laudable ambition.

Such are the consequences to be dreaded from the abolition of a statute which was probably framed for purposes very different from the welfare of the University. The zeal of fanaticism, and the follies of ambition, have been in this instance, as in many others, undesignedly subservient to the interests of learning and morality. It would be as foolish to abolish the statute of celibacy, because it was the offspring of the popish ages, as to undermine the foundation of St. John's, because it was originally devoted to a monkish institution.

MODERN REFINEMENT.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM very much concerned that you should have admitted many sentiments into your publication which, I

cannot help observing, neither indicate your taste nor judgment. Stop, Sir——don't throw my letter in the fire yet; grant me the *etiam* for the sake of modesty, or, at least, do not "sport a *nescio*" till you have read it through. I assure you I am neither a dismounted 'squire, an angry oppositionist, an unmasked evangelist, a disappointed dramatist, nor a shunned seducer, and am so fully persuaded of your openness to conviction, that I shall not preface a word more, only hint that—"*nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*"

The objection I take, Mr. Satirist, is to your observations on modern refinement, which, in my opinion, you have very unfairly noted as at a low ebb, adducing as proofs, the frequency of criminal conversations, the low pursuits of many in high rank, the number of libellers, &c. Now, Sir, I must previously remark, that I am not one of those gross minded people who delight in *naked* truth; in a word, I am fond of refinement, and, consequently, may be supposed not apt to undertake the defence of manners which are notoriously defective in it. So far, however, from regarding the present age as deficient in refinement, I even consider it far superior to any that has preceded: and this, I think, by no means difficult to prove, by assuming a criterion whose justness we can mutually assent to. What can afford a more accurate criterion for judging of an age than its writings, the very mirrors of the time, which contain the sentiments that have given rise to the peculiarities of its manners? I think it was my Lord Chatham who said, "if he had but the regulation of the ballads of a nation, he would wish for no post of greater power," so that by analogy we may conclude, that the press not only represents, but even forms, manners, and consequently, we are less liable to be deceived by drawing an estimate from that source, than from the fantastic individuals who dance around us. Having established

this basis, let us proceed to examine those works which are professedly written to bias or represent public opinion, such as reviews, newspapers, pamphlets, &c.; of the first I shall merely remark, that, so far from wanting refinement, they have in general too great a share of it, having a taste so extremely refined and delicate, that scarce one work out of a thousand meets their approbation.

But it is from newspapers and pamphlets I chiefly design to draw my arguments, and, have no doubt, shall be able to prove my position, for, though they partake, equally with reviews, in the refined taste I have mentioned, yet they have many other qualities, especially those of a negative nature, which I shall proceed to notice. First, it cannot be denied, they have so little of that stubborn dogmatical spirit, which has generally characterized this style of writing, that they are remarkable for an amiable versatility of opinion, yielding with candid readiness those points that are untenable, and being so desirous of preserving truth, that they have often maintained both sides of a question to avoid the possibility of error. Considering how very strenuous Mr. Cobbett has been, in this latter way, as an advocate for truth, I am extremely surprised, Sir, you should so confidently have charged him with a neglect of it. If you had grace enough to be a professor, and had evangelical principles, you would know that no man ought to be *d——d* for his *works*, but I have looked upon you as one of the lost sheep of Israel ever since you published your Satirist, which you have profanely made to contradict Solomon's assertion, that "there is nothing *new* under the sun."

But to the point: if we are to estimate the age by its writings, the columns of our newspapers teeming with relations of notorious immoralities, may, at first sight, appear in your favor; but, Sir, this is no proof of want of refinement, "elegant vice prevails over dull virtue," and

the present age affords the *practical* results of my Lord Chesterfield's polite maxims. Professor Millar has observed (and he is not singular in the opinion) that Love was the founder of society, and to it we are indebted for that refinement of manners which characterizes civilization; nay, some have asserted (and it may almost be inferred from the premises) that Love is the nurse of Virtue and the cherisher of our noblest qualities. Is not the gallant spirit of the age notorious? Do we not perceive that Love is extending his empire, and may it not reasonably be inferred that we are in the infancy of a reformed æra, although, as is the case in all revolutions, we appear now in a worse state?

But you will, no doubt, observe, that, the press teems with pamphlets against the vices and follies of the age, so that I must either acknowledge these to be libels, or the present age to be grossly immoral, in either of which cases I fall by my own arguments. No, Sir, my cause is too stable. Most certainly I cannot deny the existence of partial depravity, but, even amongst those who are proofs of it, an amiable spirit is observable, since we perceive the amazing numbers of *censors* lately sprung up, who, being mostly persons *well acquainted with vice*, must be supposed fully capable of the undertaking. The numerous libels, likewise, which daily issue from the press, are strong proofs of the delicacy of the age, for, if men will quarrel, how much more decorous is it to squabble on paper than in the street or drawing-room, and it is certainly more noble and rational to use the powers of the head, rather than those of the body, in the contest. What extreme delicacy is displayed by those who vent their complaints anonymously, a modest and becoming mode, highly to be commended, but which has been far exceeded of late, by the ingenious Mr. Peter Finnerty in a manner that he

may be justly vain of in his "*proudest hours.*"* I shall leave you to chew the cud on these reflections, and when they are properly imprinted on your mind, follow them up with farther observations. In the mean time, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Mr. Satirist,

Your most obedient,

SOLOMON SHIFT.

ARGYLL-STREET INSTITUTION.

SIR,

AN advertisement in the Morning Post of this day has enchanted the whole fashionable world; and being an inhabitant thereof, my raptures are of course commensurate with those of others. Colonel Greville, the elegant proprietor of the Argyll Institution, has not only resolved to gratify his subscribers with "an entirely new Burletta," but informs them, that "the evening is to be *filled up* with *refreshments*, *assembly*, *conversazione*, ETC. ETC." One would hardly suppose it possible that any evening could be found sufficiently *capacious* for all these heterogeneous luxuries. But the fact is, that OUR *evenings* last till five o'clock in the *morning*. It is very true that the *refreshments*, though good, consist of nothing peculiarly exquisite; that the assembly is such as we are in the constant habit of frequenting at fashionable houses; and that the *conversazione*, which sometimes resembles the confusion of Babel, is seldom either amusing or instructive. But then, Sir, those delights which are comprehended

* When in the Pillory.

under the happy expression of *&c. &c.* are only *conceivable* by those who have enjoyed them. Colonel Greville was thoroughly aware that he would cut a very ridiculous figure *without his etceteras*, and therefore wisely determined to make them as prominent an object of attraction as he possibly could. The Colonel's * enemies have maliciously insinuated, that there is something in his *et ceteras* which is calculated to corrupt his female subscribers; but Lady Elizabeth M———, the Marchioness of A———, and other ladies patronesses, who have learnt Latin, and understand "*Propria* quæ *maribus tribuuntur*," solemnly declare that there is nothing in them but what is perfectly innocent and harmless. I hope, Mr. Satirist, that you will be perfectly satisfied with their ladyships' declaration. There was one species of entertainment practised here last season which I never witnessed in any other place. The principal performer was a noble Marquis, who exhibited himself *horizontally* on a couch in the anti-room, and amused the fair crowd that surrounded him, by putting himself into the most extraordinary attitudes. Had his Lordship been fifteen years younger, he might, perhaps, have been quite irresistible, although I confess that he appeared to me quite disgusting. As I intend to be a constant visitor in Argyll-Street, you may rely upon receiving from me a monthly account of our "*entrances*, our *exits*," and in short of all our proceedings. I am,

Dear SATIRIST,

Yours cordially,

AURORA.

* This gentleman, though of the same name, is not the author of the "Fly *Flap*."

NOTORIOUS GAMBLERS.

No. I.

——— "Non ego mitibus
Mutare quæro TRIST—IA."———Hor.

HAVING for some months waged a most successful war against literary impostors and extortioners, we shall now (without withdrawing our attention from our vanquished enemies) commence offensive operations against another species of public depredators, commonly called GAMBLERS. These wretches are too cowardly to steal purses on the highway, and therefore have recourse to means, which footpads would blush to practise, and frequently rob under the mask of hospitality and friendship. The line of conduct which we have adopted, does not confine us to a general reprobation of any vice. We know that the vicious are deterred from crimes, not by argument, but by the dread of exposure and chastisement; and we are therefore resolved to make tremendous examples of those criminals, whose iniquities we may chance to detect.

In our last number we inserted an epigram on a man named Jean Marie Louis Baptiste Hassaulier, *aliter* Trist, and in a note at the bottom of the page said, that we had been told that he was a most desperate bully, and that we should certainly be threatened, and *probably* be *challenged*, for recording some of his exploits in *The Satirist*. Our information proved perfectly correct. A Gentleman, who is justly supposed to have some share in the conduct of our publication, has, we understand, had his door frequently assailed by a fellow* named Carter,† who has recently

* "*Worth* makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*."—POPE.

† Query, is *this the respectable* person who, three years ago, was employed by Trist, at a salary of two guineas per week, to forage news for the Statesman.

disguised himself in the *habiliments* of a gentleman, for purposes best known to himself and Trist: some people assert that he fills the situation which a Mr. Prager formerly occupied, and has become a very useful assistant at the gaming table; where, we are told, *confidential* friends are as absolutely necessary as they are to settle affairs of honour, by conveying secret intelligence to the police-offices. We are informed, from very good authority, that this accomplice of Mr. Trist's, having had the audacity to leave an insolent message with Mr. ———'s servant, miraculously escaped, by the rapidity of his movements, one of the most unpleasant horsewhippings that ever excoriated the shoulders of a Black-legs.

We have recently taken the trouble to enquire a little more particularly into the "life, character, and behaviour" of Jean Marie Louis Baptiste Hassaulier Trist, and the result has been, that we have found him a most fit personage to gibbet *in terrorem*, as an example to all professed gamblers.

The petty attacks of his political newspaper* will positively have no influence whatever upon our conduct towards him:—had he and his minions lauded us to the

* TRIST, fearful lest his name, like Hague's, should blast this pitiful publication, has procured an ignorant, unprincipled wretch, named JOHN SCOTT, to be the *ostensible* proprietor and conductor, whose name only appears in the books of the stamp-office, and who does not hesitate to maintain, most manfully, whatever falsehood his master may think proper to promulgate. We are in possession of such incontrovertible evidence that Trist is concerned in this paper, that if he were to swear the contrary, either upon the *New* or *Old* Testament, we would not believe him. *The Satirist* will not condescend to notice the remarks of John Scott, the simple Editor, because he has not the power to do mischief.

"Poor grub, we would not harm *thee*."

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skies, he would have obtained no favour at our hands. We know him to be a *public nuisance;* and we will do our endeavours to protect the unwary from falling into his snares.

As he is celebrated not only for changing his religion and allegiance, but also his name, it is absolutely necessary that we should give some description of his person, that he may be easily recognized by all *young peers* and *pigeons* recently emerged from a state of MINORITY. Jeane Marie Louis Baptiste Hassaulier, *aliter* Trist, is a tall, thin, bony man, apparently about 45 years of age, his complexion swarthy, his features prominent, his chin and nose particularly long, and somewhat resembling those of *Mother Goose*, his large dark whiskers and hair are unpowdered, and his *tout ensemble* is that of an accomplished French valet. He has, however, it must be allowed, like Major Semple and the late celebrated George Barrington, acquired the *address* of a gentleman. Some years back, he obtained, not by the most honourable means, the hand of a most lovely and amiable girl, possessed of a very considerable fortune.

Here we shall restrain our pen, and briefly state, that she fell a victim to—DEATH. Her children also disappeared, and Trist, as we have been informed, obtained possession of her whole fortune. After his wife's death, he continued to *twinkle* as a minor star in the sphere of Newmarket; though, we believe, that both he and his *proof* friend, Mr. Carter, have recently *cut the turf*, because, as some people insidiously infer, *the turf cut them.* Mr. Trist, however, never confined his actions to any particular sphere; he contested the proprietorship of the "*Anti-Bilious Pills*," with the Rev. Mr. Barclay:—figured for some time as a money-lender:—attended regularly at all the *Hells*:—is a perfect adept at "*ringing*

the changes:—and probably can "*pluck a pigeon*" as well as any *professor* in Europe.

In his capacity of money-lender, or rather of unlicensed pawnbroker, he advanced thirty pounds on a gold watch to Mr. Gouldburn, of the Blues, then under age: as this watch was confessedly worth considerably more, he had the audacity to laugh publicly at the *cullibility* of his young friend. Mr. Gouldburn thought it was rather too hard to be both duped and laughed at; he therefore repaid the money, and plainly told Trist what he thought of his conduct, who, depending upon his supposed superiority in the pugilistic art, advanced towards him, and attempted to pull his nose, but received such a severe blow in the mouth from Mr. Gouldburn, that he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of several *teeth*, which were left upon the field of battle. A gentleman perceiving them, wittily observed, that "they were not the only *false* things that had *come out* of *Trist's mouth*." Enraged at this disgrace, the vanquished hero challenged his antagonist, who being very young and very imprudent, consented to fight him. This was not exactly what Mr. Trist either expected or wished. Accordingly Mr. Gouldburn's mamma was by *some means* apprised of the circumstance, who had her son bound over to keep the peace; but the security given not being very great, and Mr. Gouldburn being very determined, Trist's apprehensions were by no means quieted: A second message was therefore sent to the good lady, begging that her son might be more *effectually restrained*.

We forgot to mention that he once attempted to establish himself as a merchant, in Lawrence Pultney Lane, and in the City Chambers; in this, *of course*, he failed. It would be foreign to our purpose to detail all the particulars of his conduct while he was confined in Newgate: being a naturalized *Jew*, there was nothing extraordinary

in his purchasing the *old clothes* of his fellow prisoners, and had he never obtained money by more objectionable means, he would have remained wholly unnoticed by the *Satirist.*

Mr. Ingleby, the prince of the conjurors, has great reason to be jealous of Mr. Trist, who, we understand can perform much greater prodigies with a pack of cards than that illustrious professor of legerdemain. We would just hint to the inexperienced, that there are means of winning to a *certainty*, either at cards or hazard, and that it is impossible for any but a *professor* to detect them.

Jeane Marie Louis Baptiste Hassaulier, *aliter* Trist, has frequently had the address to get introduced to men of respectability and honor, most of whom have had good cause to repent of his acquaintance. By way of illustrating our hero's character, we will suppose the following circumstances to occur.

Trist meets, in London, a gentleman to whom he had before paid particular atteution at a watering place; and the following dialogue takes place:

TRIST.—"God bless my soul—how glad I am to see you! When did you come to town?"

GENT.—"Just arrived, and am glad to see you looking so well."

TRIST.—"Are you engaged? if not, let us dine together."

GENT.—"With all my heart—where shall we dine?"

TRIST.—Meet me at six precisely at ——— Hotel, in Covent Garden."

The gentleman arrives in Covent Garden at the appointed hour, expecting to find *Trist* in the coffee-room; instead of which he is conducted by a waiter up stairs, to a private room, where he beholds a table splendidly adorned with plate, &c. Mr. Trist advances from the fire-place, exclaiming, "My dear fellow, give me leave to introduce

you to two of my particular friends. This is Mr. Prager, a near relation of the *Goldsmids*,* the richest family in England; and this is Mr. ——, son of the late celebrated King's Counsel.

Dinner is now served, which being ended, the juice of the grape is circulated with astonishing rapidity. Cards are then proposed, and being assented to by the unsuspicious and half intoxicated visitor, he retires from his *friend's* society above one THOUSAND POUNDS minus; although he has *good reason* to imagine that ALL are *winners* but himself.† We have hitherto only *supposed* that such a case might occur: we now for the *satisfaction* of Mr. Trist, and for the purpose of *warning* others, beg leave to state that it *actually* HAS OCCURRED!!! We shall, for the present, take leave of Jeane Marie Louis Baptiste Hassaulier, *aliter* Trist, advising him not to let any thing we have said disturb the serenity of his swarthy countenance, for he may rest assured that we are as little afraid of his prowess, as we are of the puny efforts of his *scape goat*, Mr. John Scott, or of the blustering language of his new accomplice, Mr. Carter.

AN EPISTLE TO A NOBLEMAN.

Smooth, my Lord, smooth that haughty brow,
Your frowns will not avail you now;
'Tis our intent to make you better,
With calmness then peruse our letter.

* The respectability of the Goldsmids being built upon the adamantine foundation of probity, honor, and liberality, it cannot be affected by the DISGRACEFUL conduct of Mr. Prager.

† Had Messrs. Prager and ******** who played against him lost, we should be glad to know where they would have found "the where with all to pay?"—To answer this question will, we are afraid, puzzle the ingenuity of *conjuror* TRIST.

We've heard, with pain, that fornication
Is still your fav'rite recreation;
And been assur'd, there's not a man, more
Fond of adulterous deeds in ————.

The peerage says, you've been alive
Not fewer years than fifty-five;
How is it then, my Lord, that age
Has not yet cool'd your am'rous rage?
E'en Algerines, so famed in rhyme
For feats of love, submit to Time.
And though the youthful Turk contrives
To satisfy a hundred wives,
The Musselman who's nigh threescore
Sleeps but with one, nor wishes more.

"My wife, *who knows the ways of men*,
Complains not!" you exclaim.—What then?
Can *she* rescind the laws of God?
Sanction adult'ry with her nod?
Can *she* assuage the rankling smart
Which wrings the ruin'd maiden's heart?
Can *she*, that parent's peace renew
Whose child has been betray'd by you?
Pour balm into that husband's breast
Whom you have spoil'd of wife and rest?

No! monster, no!—Although 'tis clear
She views unmov'd your vile career:
Nay, e'en *abets* each impious deed,
Stands sponsor to your by-blow breed,
And (Heav'n knows the allegation's just)
Is pander to her husband's lust:
Still crimes like yours can be forgiven
Only——*and scarcely there*——in Heaven.

THE LATE DISTURBANCE AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

Progeniem vitiosiorem.

In the XVth No. of the SATIRIST, page 505, we noticed, with due severity of respectful censure, the violation of discipline and order in one public school of very great and deserved celebrity: truly concerned are we, now, to have to reprobate the flagitious excesses of another, not less renowned in point of ancient establishment.

We shall be brief in our statement and strictures, for reasons, alas! too obvious to require enumeration.

A dinner of a Saturnalian kind was lately given, at which wines were profusely drank. The cost was heavy; for in the brisk circulation of bumpers of claret, the numbers of the *Graces* and of the *Muses* were alike disregarded.

Soon after this transaction, Dr. RAINE, the head-master of the Charter-house, mentioned the event in terms of just reprehension, and his firm reproof rankled in the heated minds of his auditory: who, imputing their disgrace to the interference and suggestions of Dr. FISHER, watched an opportunity, and ignominiously assaulted him with unrelenting fury. In the sequel, about twenty of the leaders were expelled, many minor offenders were well chastised, and subordination (we are assured) is completely restored, by the influence of Dr. RAINE. Such is the plain *statement* we have received: and how can we mention the fact without scorn and indignation? What! shall boys be permitted to carouse and emulate the fabled orgies of Bacchus? Shall the *pueri lautorum*, or any others, *at a public school of repute*, be allowed French wines? Shall indulgence thus be sanctioned; and even drunkenness, by natural implication, connived at?

"Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit."

PROVINCIAL CHARACTERS.

No. III.

MR. SATIRIST,

Your avowed intention being the correction of folly as well as the castigation of vice, your materials must be inexhaustible, especially in this free country, where both men and women claim a latitude of action as their indisputable birth-rights. The capital itself will doubtless furnish you with the most interesting subjects for satiric animadversions; yet even our provincial towns are not entirely deficient in proper objects for ridicule, as your Bristol correspondent has fully demonstrated. The following character, faithfully sketched from nature, will probably prove no less entertaining than that of his Barber's Wife. I am, &c.

W.

THE TRADESMAN'S WIFE OF LIVERPOOL.

Mrs. Singular is one of the most remarkable productions of nature and art, in a town abounding with both indigenous and exotic curiosities. Her husband is an artist of considerable merit, well known for his skill in painting and gilding glass, wood, iron, paper, and other materials; yet his ingenuity has hitherto been exerted in vain for the embellishment of his wife.

Although destined to move in a comparatively humble sphere, Mrs. Singular is endowed with a portion of effrontery, spirit, and volubility, that are scarcely excelled by the Duchess of G*****. Her character seems composed of the most heterogeneous qualities. Masculine sense, female vanity, licentiousness of sentiment, and

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lucid intervals of devotion; a tincture of taste for literature, yet a grovelling appetite for beans and bacon! Such is this curious and most entertaining woman. For several years she kept a table for the accommodation of boarders, a common mode of obtaining a livelihood in this town, by which, at an apparently moderate price, young gentlemen are put upon a strict dietetic regimen, at once conducive to the preservation of their health, and the benefit of the caterer.

Yet the larder of Mrs. Singular was by no means the worst in town; her husband liked a good dinner, she piqued herself on her skill in the culinary art, and her guests were amused by the farcical exhibition of her powers, without paying an additional price for the entertainment. In the lapse of years, a most curious diversity of characters have appeared at the hospitable board of Mrs. Singular. Merchants, factors, adventurers, authors, players, and methodist parsons. It would be difficult to decide to which of the three latter she gives the preference. She declares her admiration of genius, and can repeat passages from our most celebrated authors in prose and verse; she spouts tragedy, handkerchief in hand, with a truly tragi-comic air; or weeps and ejaculates pious exclamations, according to the taste or disposition of her company. Her husband is a mere cypher in her presence; unable to tame her high spirit, he has sunk into a passive instrument, and left her to enjoy unmolested

"The love of pleasure and the love of sway,"

so dear to the majority of womankind.

This curious female is as remarkable for negligence in dress as for the eccentricity of her ideas. Her cap is often decorated with the huge top-knot worn twenty years ago, while the rest of her garb is in the present mode. A large

crimson shawl covers her shoulders, and she marches before her husband every Sunday to a certain conventicle, with the majestic air of an empress.

How shall we appreciate or define this almost indescribable character? Born with strong passions, and endued with a warm imagination, all her ideas are of a romantic cast; in politics, religion, and the common transactions of life, this fervour of intellect leads her into perpetual absurdities. One moment she extols the talents of a certain military adventurer, whose sanguinary progress has defaced some of the fairest scenes in Europe, and the next she execrates his ambition, and denominates him a demon incarnate. She varies as much in her religious sentiments as in the choice of a gown; eloquence would, at any time, make her a temporary proselyte. In social life, with the utmost affectation of generosity of sentiment, she is extremely cunning and selfish; and while she declaims against the incontinence of other married women, her own imagination teems with unchaste ideas. Hitherto, however, the severity of her sect has preserved her from an imitation of those high-bred dames, whose names shine so conspicuously in the annals of adultery. Fortunate adventurers are often the theme of her panegyric; and the means by which her neighbour, the notorious Doctor Solomon, acquired opulence, has excited her unequivocal approbation. Even her husband, in the true commercial spirit of a tradesman, defends the imposition of this Jewish practitioner, by asserting—"That if people are so foolish as to purchase the ridiculous preparations of empirics, there can be no crime in selling them!"

With all her absurdities, and peculiarities, Mrs. Singular is a woman of far superior merit to most of the female inhabitants of this town, for a more uninformed, vain, and affected race of spoiled overgrown children

are not to be found in England. Even the merchants of this celebrated sea-port, in general are only remarkable for their adventurous spirit in traffic. Their pretensions to taste and literature, although "the voice of wisdom is heard in the streets," are unsanctioned by truth. They have indeed their Lyceums and their Athenæums; but the Greek name of *news-rooms* will never confer learning, without study, on West India traders, or wholesale dealers in Irish linen and butter. Mrs. Singular is doubtless better qualified to enter into a critical dissertation on the merits of our literati, than half the merchants and traders of this sea-port—

"Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame.
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at the heart."

Liverpool, Jan. 6th, 1809.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. X.

We should have considered the present object of our animadversions as too insignificant to fill a nich in our cabinet of NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE DELINQUENTS, had he not rendered himself conspicuous by the almost match-

less atrocity of his recent conduct. He, like many others whose infamy we have recorded, is a native of Ireland, a country which, though it has sometimes rivalled our own in the production of honourable characters, has always greatly surpassed it in the production of persons of an opposite description.

Among Irishmen there is no medium—they are either the brightest ornaments of human nature, or the most depraved wretches that ever violated the ordinances of their Creator. Of the latter description we boldly proclaim the miscreant whose character we are about to develope. Although possessed of a most ample fortune, lasciviousness is the only passion which shares with *avarice* the dominion of his murky heart. His countenance, the index of his mind, "glooms downward to the earth," as if conscious of the depravity of his thoughts; his eyes scowl beneath his dark *brown* hair, which, combed flat upon his head, hangs in studied curls over his shameless forehead, and his whole appearance is that of an uncouth rustic, arrayed in the vestments of a gentleman.

His conversation is a tissue of the lowest obscenity and the grosest blasphemy, unenlivened by wit, unchequered by moral sentiment: yet has

"This *incestuous*, this *adulterous* beast,"

violated the chastity of more than one branch of the *same family*. Ever anxious to render his two ruling passions subservient to each other; he sometime back insinuated himself into the house of a nobleman, whose hospitality and confidence he repaid by endeavouring to monopolize the affections of his wife; not contented with this act of perfidy, he actually debauched the married daughter of the same friend, seduced her from the arms of her husband, literally "tore the nipple from the boneless gums" of her infant, and fled with her to his native country. The

injured husband having sought that redress which the laws of his country afforded, and honorably declining to obtain more ample satisfaction, by adducing evidence which would have increased the disgrace of his wife's already agonized family; the hardened adulterer took advantage of this forbearance, and instructed his counsel to strive to mitigate his crime by blackening the character of the unhappy victim of his lust; although he has solemnly pledged himself to marry her the moment she shall be divorced from her present husband!! Does he mean to forfeit this solemn pledge? Or had avarice so completely deadened his heart to every honourable feeling, that to save a few sordid guineas, he did not hesitate to represent *his future wife* as the most abandoned of prostitutes, rather than she should be supposed to have fallen by his seductive arts. In either case his conduct was equally dishonorable.

The unfortunate lady is, we understand, pregnant, and it is more than probable that her child will not be born in wedlock; but should the dread of being universally despised, induce her unprincipled seducer to perform his promise of marriage, we sincerely hope that she will not unblushingly intrude herself into virtuous society, but in retirement strive, by the rectitude and prudence of her future conduct, to efface her past offences from the tablets of our memories.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

We have heard the following anecdote related as a fact, with infinite humour:

Our great tragedian is well known to be as enthusi-

THE

SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

Ed. by Geo. Manners.

Omne in precipiti vitium stetit: utere velis,
Totos paude sinus. Juv.

Follies and vices uncontrol'd prevail:
To sea, bold Satirist; spread wide your sail!

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VOL. IV.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1864
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL TIPPER,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1809.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

astic an admirer of good wine as he is of good plays, and has a corresponding affection for the *authors* of both. Not long ago he called upon a celebrated wine merchant, in the vicinity of Hammersmith, and told him that he was come to take his mutton with him. The gentleman replied that he was most happy to see him, but that he should be compelled to leave him at nine o'clock, being particularly engaged to an evening party. "Never mind that," exclaimed Mr. K. "you don't take the key of the cellar with you, I suppose?" "Certainly not." Dinner was accordingly served, and at *nine* o'clock, when Mr. K. had not taken *above two bottles of wine*, his friend, having told him that his butler had orders to supply him with whatever he wanted, wished him a good evening, and went out.

Mr. K. ordered another bottle of wine—it was instantly brought, and in a few minutes swallowed. He rang the bell again—another bottle appeared, which was also emptied.—"Now, John," said he to the butler, "fetch me the *landlord's bottle*:" John respectfully complied, and was about to withdraw—"Stop, John," cried Mr. K. "you are a d—d honest fellow! you love your master, and so do I—sit you down in that chair, and we will empty this bottle to his good health." John, being a well-bred gentleman out of livery, politely assented, and they finished the bottle *tête-a-tête*. When Mr. K. observed, that they would have one more bottle, and then he'd go to London; while they were drinking this, he thus feelingly addressed the butler:—"John, when I have taken a *little too much* wine, I am apt to be quarrelsome! Now, if you should see me at all inclined that way, before I get into an hackney-coach, have the goodness to—*knock me down!*" "God bless my soul, Sir," exclaimed John, "I could not think of such a thing!" "Why not!" returned Mr. K. "it is the only

means that you can take *to save* me from being ill used, and I insist upon your doing as I desire you." "Well, Sir," said John, "as my master told me I was to do *what ever* you ordered, it is not my business to contradict you; but I trust, Sir, there will be no occasion for my resorting to such means of *pacification*." He was, of course, thanked heartily for this *kind* promise, and requested to order a coach; which in a few minutes was at the door. Mr. K. not liking the appearance of the horses, thus addressed the coachman:—"Do you think those d—d old rips will ever take me to London?"—"Yes, Sir, replied the man, if you were twice as big as you are!" "You are an impertinent fellow," cried Mr. K., "and if you'll come down from your box, I'll be d—d if I don't give you a good thrashing!" *Coachee* being a man of courage, instantly descended:—when John, recollecting his orders, and thinking this a proper moment for carrying them into execution, stept back, put himself into a Belcher attitude, and

"Felled the *tragic* hero to the ground,"

who most liberally repaid this act of *solicited kindness* by getting up and giving John a desperate beating: having done this, he rewarded the coachman in a similar manner, and then coolly observed that, as he was *rather warm*, he would *walk* to London.

EPIGRAM.

Cease, *Satirist*, cease, and no longer aver
Gambling Trist's of the Jewish religion;
For Mahomet's code he is known to prefer,
And derive all his hopes from a—*Pigeon!*

We beg leave to hint to a certain King's Counsel, who, after having most shamefully ill-used his wife, has recently

deserted her and his family, for the wife of another man, that *Fennel* is of the *Hemlock genus*. If he will not understand us, we may perhaps be more explicit hereafter.

EPIGRAM.

ON LORD FOLKESTONE'S *SINGLY* OPPOSING THE VOTE OF THANKS TO THE GALLANT SIR A. WELLESLEY.

Of my little Lord Folkstone 'twas once shrewdly said,
But for Cobbett he'd scarce know his heels from his head.
Now Cobbett himself is almost overthrown
My little Lord Folkstone, we see—*stands alone.*

It is reported in the neighbourhood of Doctors' Commons, that the proceedings for a divorce against a certain youthful viscountess will be materially impeded by some *unintentional* confessions of a certain *Monk*. This proves the imprudence of Lord B.'s not renouncing his MONKISH prejudices when he approached the protestant FANE!

ON THE LADIES NOT WEARING POCKETS.

"How foolish are our Ladies grown?"
Cries Jack,—and thus he thinks it shown.—
"Walking down Piccadilly,
"I met to-day," says he, "whole bands
"*Holding their purses in their hands!*
"Sure nothing is more silly."

Now I maintain the fashion's good,
Since from it may be understood,
(So pray let no one mock it)
Their sense of charity is deep—
For no one now can say "*they keep*
"*Their money in their pocket.*"

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Public Characters of 1809—10. Sherwood, Neely, *and* Jones, 8vo. 12*s*. 1809.

We have read these volumes with an extraordinary degree of surprize and satisfaction, not only because they have convinced us, in defiance of every thing which we had been assured to the contrary, that Sir Richard Phillips is really a Knight of modesty, but because they have proved to us a much more important and equally unexpected fact, that all the public characters of the year 1809, are either wise, or witty, or virtuous, or learned, or courageous.

The admirable delicacy with which Sir Richard has transferred the publication of these volumes to Messrs. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, has fully reinstated him in our favour, and were we able to execute our intentions, he should be rewarded *according to his merits*.

We knew that had he published the present volumes at his shop in Bridge Street, the praises it contains might have been ascribed to interested motives. He was unwilling to receive either compliment or recompence for the conscientious execution of his duty. To grasp a mitre, or accept a pension, is the vice of meanness, and venality—to do good in secret is the highest praise to which human nature can aspire.

Some people indeed may be inclined to ask, why the same amiable aversion to publicity was not displayed in the preceding volumes. Let such cavillers remember, that what may be extremely prudent and becoming in a Bookseller, may be very foolish, and improper in a Knight. Those who would have cared little for the praise of plain Mr. Phillips the Bookseller, of No. 6, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, may feel extremely gratified by the compliments of Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, late Sheriff for Middlesex and London. A year or two ago he might have been the instrument of adulation to all the public characters of the kingdom, without receiving one smile of approbation, or one glance of gratitude.

"Still true to virtue, and as warm as true," the Satirist will never permit the virtues of the modest to languish in obscurity. The "honest herald of each living action," we shall be always willing to ascribe its due praise to different and disinterested philanthropy. Tho' Sir Richard may not have actually composed a single article of this volume, we are well assured that it proceeded under his immediate superintendence, and we shall be well satisfied with the success of our exertions if Lord Henry Petty shall be persuaded to grant him a pension on his return into power, or Mr. Miles Peter Andrews to present him with the copyright of the first tragedy proceeding from his pen that shall rival Shakespeare.

Biographers are frequently accused of relating circumstances which are absolutely false, or which rest on very suspicious authority. To a charge of this kind, the assistants of Sir Richard are by no means liable—for with a laudable regard to correctness of statement, they have not related a single fact that is not known

to every person of ordinary information, or that may not be found in the files of the London Gazette, or the Morning Post. *Here* are no secret anecdotes, nothing to gratify the depraved passion of animosity, nothing that can enable us to estimate the real character of any of the personages described. Such knowledge as the latter was indeed perfectly unnecessary, as no one can possibly find admittance into this temple of fame, but patriots, heroes, and philosophers. Another objection which is made to the common productions of biographers is the tameness of their style. This is an imperfection which the writers of this volume have been peculiarly careful to avoid. Every sentence is calculated to surprize, and elevate. Image is crowded upon image, and metaphor upon metaphor, with a profusion which Mr. Gale Jones himself might contemplate with envy. Nor is the importance of the sentiment in some instances less remarkable than the elevation of the language.—We are told, page 448, that Sir Edward Berry carved out his fortune by his sword, page 523, that Horace was a man of letters, and a fine gentleman, and page 464, that the Marquis of Lothian is a gay, and gaudy tulip, with red cloaths, that lifts *its* head in the parterre of fashion. The following is, however, a much more perfect specimen of the "beautiful confusion of metaphorical country dance."

"The fire-darting eyes of his lovely cousin Lady *Louisa* Strangeways," (the word lovely is here artfully inserted, lest we should imagine that *fire darting* eyes were those of a fury) "like the interposition of the gods in ancient times, had lighted up a whole fasces of nuptial torches at the altar of Hymen, in consequence of which, the families of Lansdowne, and Ilchester were *once more* recruited by a *new* alliance

commenced, and *consummated* under the most auspicious circumstances."

On first reading this passage, and remembering that the most captivating ladies of antiquity were only able to light a single torch at the altar of Hymen, we were at first inclined to suspect, that Lady Strangeways had either buried half a dozen husbands, or that Lord Henry Petty was content "to share the glories of the nuptial couch," "with other *Petty* princes of the land." The concluding sentence, however, convinced us that we were mistaken.

Having thus endeavoured to do justice, not only to Sir Richard's modesty but to his virtue, we trust that he will not ascribe to us any other motive than the sincerity of our friendship, if we point out to him an imperfection which we have chanced to discover in the work, which he has honored with his superintendence. It is, indeed, of so trifling a nature, that nothing but the most anxious desire f r the elevation of the work to the highest *pinnacle of excellence*, could have induced us to mention it. The trifling deficiency we allude to, is a total ignorance of English literature.—"Until the augustan period of Queen Anne, (says the biographer of General Fitzpatrick) our verses, with few exceptions, were inharmonious, our grammatical rules unsettled, and our chymes incomplete. Sentiment, imagery, wit and humour indeed existed, but every thing that depended upon language, was in a great degree wanting." (i. e. before the reign of Anne.) "*At length*, however, a series of extraordinary men made their appearance in immediate succession, as if expressly designed to remedy every deficiency, and supply whatever might be required. The poems of Waller were characterized by a degree of elegance, and smoothness unknown before.

Dryden, born in 1631, possessed a varied excellence.—He possessed a rare felicity of being able to compose elegant lines, without difficulty, and almost without effort." (page 402.)

It is evident that if every thing that depended on language was, till the reign of Anne, in a great degree wanting, and that the two most celebrated writers of the reign of Charles, were remarkable for smoothness and elegance, Queen Anne must have reigned about the end of the 17th century! A circumstance which, with due deference we must take the liberty of doubting.

Again. "In the department of satire alone, has there been any thing like superior excellence? Even under this head we can recollect but three happy effusions, all of which are anonymous. The first published under the feigned name of Mac-Gregor, consisted of an Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star; the second had "Peter Pindar" affixed to the title page; while the third, entitled The Rolliad, was supposed to have been the production of a constellation of wits, among whom, if we are to believe the author of the Pursuits of Literature, the subject of this memoir had the honor to be enrolled." (page 403).

It appears from this passage, either that the writer of the present volume has never read such productions as the *Baviad*, and the poetry of the Antijacobin, or that his memory is so extremely charitable that it can only retain the names and writings of his friends.

A Vindication of the Dissenters in Litchfield from the Charges brought against them in a Paper entitled, "A serious Warning to the Inhabitants" of that City; with an Appendix on Religous Melancholy. London. Williams and Smith.

By the tenor of the present vindication it appears that some one, whom this writer supposes to have been a christian minister, circulated publicly, in the shape of a hand-bill, "A Serious Warning to the Inhabitants of Litchfield," guarding them, we apprehend, (for we have not seen the paper to which this purports to be a reply) against that disgraceful enthusiasm in favor of methodism, by which the ignorant have been of late so much misled; and to the contagion of which they are peculiarly exposed. The 'WARNING,' it seems, states the following fact, that HENRY FAIRBROTHER, a youth of nineteen years of age, an apprentice to a taylor, lately *poisoned himself,* and that the verdict of the inquest taken upon his body was, that he "being lunatic and distracted (from the impressions of horror and fear of misery in a future state, *which the doctrines he had heard at the meetings of persons called* METHODISTS, *had produced upon his mind*) did destroy himself." It is added, that "the dying testimony of the young man, corroborated by other evidence, *sufficiently justified the verdict.* He represented himself to be in a state of damnation, and that he was good for nothing in this world, and that his life was become a burthen too dreadful to bear." When asked by his mother why he had taken poison, he answered, "I am lost, I am damn'd, and I did it to make me happy." The writer of the Warning adds, "that these impressions upon his

mind were chiefly occasioned by the sermon delivered on the Sunday evening preceding his death, at the Conventicle of Methodists in Sandford Street." And further, "that the young man was highly esteemed as a sober, steady, and industrious apprentice."

A fact of this kind is well calculated to make a strong and serious impression upon the minds of all considerate persons; and we think the writer of the Warning did well to give it all possible publicity. And it is in order to further this purpose, and to give it the most extensive notoriety, that we notice the present vindication. We find nothing in it that repels the fact itself, or that at all impeaches the character of the relater; and, we have great reason to fear, that many similar instances of the deplorable consequences produced by the preachers of this hypocritical and deceitful sect, are much more numerous than the public in general are aware.

The greater part of this writer's Vindication is occupied in the defence of Dr. Hawker, against the exposure of his pernicious principles, in the "*Hints to the Public*;" and the author of the "Warning" is accused of attributing to him doctrines not to be found in his works.

We believe it would be very difficult to attribute to that popular fanatic doctrines more destructive or more erroneous than his writings contain; but the eyes of the public, we trust, are opening gradually to the fatal effects which result from such tenets as their theological instructors are spreading abroad with such uncommon zeal and activity.

This tract includes likewise a panegyric upon John Bunyan. "It is scarcely needful," says the writer, "to notice a mean attack upon the reputation of that remarkable man, the honest, ingenious, and persecuted

John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress. It is rather too late, after the reputation of that book has been established for more than a century, to decry the author. It is mean and malicious to the utmost degree to call him, "the Tinker of Bedford;" and it is a detestable falsehood, to say that "he scoffs at moral virtue with vulgar derision. This is also copied from the BARRISTER, and discovers as much ignorance as virulence. John Bunyan was indeed an illiterate man, but he was a man of uncommon genius, as his works sufficiently testify; and, as to his moral character, after his conversion, it was never impeached. The author of the Warning must blush to find, that his falsehood is notorious to all impartial persons. It is also equally untrue, that 'the far greater part of those called gospel preachers, and evangelical ministers are bigotted, coarse, illiterate, and low-bred fanatics, &c." Now if, as is here stated, the charge against John Bunyan be only *equally untrue* with the accusation against the *far greater part* of the class just mentioned, we, in this case, conceive it to be sufficiently warranted; for of *the truth* of the latter there can be no doubt, and we hope it will not be very long before the evil excites such general attention, as will lead to an application of some remedy that may at least prevent the increase of it.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Spencer Percival; being a (false) *Statement of the Conduct of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex towards Mr. Hague, and of the Causes which led to the Prosecution of Woodfall.* By THOMAS HAGUE. Printed and Published by W. Horseman, *Shoe-black, Scape-Goat* and *Publisher* to the aforesaid Thomas Hague, at the Libel Stall, No. 8, Hanway Yard, Oxford Street.

THIS harmless production of a now crushed and stingless viper would have been treated by us with that contempt which its foolish villainy so justly merits, but that he has connected with his own infamous name that of an officer, who holds a confidential situation under His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. He has had the audacity to call Captain Dodd, of the Artillery, who is the Duke of Kent's Secretary, "his *particular friend!!*" We trust, and sincerely hope, that all his insinuations to the prejudice of this gentleman, are as false as we know those to be which he has published against the Duke of Sussex.

We conjure this gallant officer, as he values his reputation, to come boldly forward, and personally contradict this daring, this diabolical libel upon his character and honor.—If he neglects to do so, we conjure the Duke of Kent himself, to *command* him, on pain of his displeasure, to abjure all connection and converse with this iniquitous, way-laying, libeller.

We lament that either political or private differences should for a moment exist between the various branches of the Royal Family; but, while it is our immutable resolution to maintain, by every means in our power, the true dignity of them all, we shall not become the decided partisans of any. What could tend more to de-

grade His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent in the eyes of the nation, than the suspicion, that he connived at one of his confidential servants furnishing literary assassins with weapons, intended to be levelled at the breasts of his illustrious brothers? And will he not incur such a suspicion, if the world are suffered to believe that CAPTAIN DODD is the bosom friend of THOMAS HAGUE, and nevertheless retained in his confidential situation?

We have the most heartfelt satisfaction in being enabled conscientiously to declare, that we are ourselves thoroughly convinced, that His Royal Highness never has had any communication with this *upas-like* miscreant. And we feel confident that his gallant secretary will most honorably acquit himself of the foul stains which have been so audaciously cast upon his, hitherto unblemished character. But it is absolutely necessary that *all the world* should be impressed with a similar conviction, and we have, therefore, ventured most respectfully to point out that line of conduct which we conceive it is both their interest and their duty to pursue.

The pamphlet before us is in itself one of the most silly collections of foolish falsehoods we ever read, not excepting *fool* Hague's former productions.

The following is the only sentence in the book that contains any thing like truth or common sense. "A *silly* man may represent upon idle speculations; a vain one *in* thoughtless loquacity; but to propagate calumny deliberately upon calumny, with tedious malignity and vicious industry, argues a nature radically and rancorously bad."—page 6. How did the man's conscience feel when he wrote the above?

An Essay on Light Reading, as it may be supposed to influence Moral Conduct and Literary Taste. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M. A. Carpenter.—p. p. 13.

GIVING every credit to Mr. Mangin for the goodness of his intentions, we are compelled to say we hardly ever read a more contemptible performance, in every respect, than that we are now going to review. Before however we proceed to final judgement, we will examine the evidence, and lay it before our readers.

The author begins with the usual trite observations on the effect of Novel-reading on the minds of young persons of either sex, and here he only retails what others have said before him, obviously without having at all turned his observation to what is passing before his own eyes.

The author begins by excepting from his remarks on the influence of Novel Reading, "the Peeress and her housemaid, the Senator and his groom." To the exception of the Peeress, the Senator and the groom, we readily accede, but we must demur as to the housemaid: for if this study of fictitious narrative has any pernicious influence on the principles and action of real life, it is to be found among female servants. "The sons and daughters of the gentleman and the tradesman," whom Mr. M. styles "the very life blood of the nation," so far from becoming the principal victims of this idle literature, are hardly tinctured with it at all. *Miss*, whether the daughter of the Country Squire or the London Tradesman, is too much occupied in her chymical and musical studies to be much interested in novels, and the *Sorrows of Werter* are readily thrown aside to obey the summons of Mamma, to exhibit her wonderful talents to the admiring drawing room, the

consequence of which is, the acquisition of unblushing confidence, and not of morbid sensibility.

And where are we to find the counterpart of Mr. M's languor-loving Nymph. "This youthful Squire, Ensign, or Merchant's Apprentice," who has drawn his opinion from the same source, and "whose attractions are comprised in a pair of white hands, a portion of skill in dancing, and the christian name of Charles or Henry." Can the author be so totally void of knowledge of the world, so mainly ignorant of the manners of the times, as not to know that the conversation of the junior common rooms in the universities, the mess-room of the army, and the counting house of the Merchant, is engrossed by far different subjects from those inculcated by novels; and that if any young man were to *sport* a sentiment of delicate sensibility, he would be unmercifully *quizzed* by all his companions. And if any youth unhappily tutored at home by the wish of a fond mother, should have imbibed these strange notions, he would find himself the laughing-stock, and not the admiration of the other sex; for the most sentimental young nymph that ever existed in the world, would much rather jump out of a window into the arms of Tom Jones, than the Man of Feeling.

Tom Jones, however, is the first work of imagination that falls under the lash of Mr. Mangin. On what principle we do not exactly see. Partial, as we own ourselves to be, to that inimitable performance, we are ready to concede that parts of it are not exactly fit for the perusal of Boarding-school Misses, and we sincerely wish the venal amour with Lady Bellaston had been omitted; but surely the work seems expressly written to counteract the very effects which Mr. Mangin deprecates as the consequence of reading Novels. As for the man who is foolish enough to depreciate the

general merit of Fielding's works, and who so little possesses the powers of discrimination as to rank Fielding with Smollet, and Tom Jones with Roderic Random, he must be as competent a judge of works of genius, as an owl would be of the splendour of the meridian sun; and, like Zoilus, by his vain endeavour to undervalue real and acknowledged merit, will only expose himself to universal contempt.

We cite the following passage as a specimen of the most compleat absurdity:—

"There are, I suspect, in our seminaries of Education, many young persons who know more of the site of Mr. Alworthy's house than they do of Athens and Rome; are better acquainted with Muzan Hill than they are with the Tarpeian Rock; and tho' ignorant of *lustres* and *laticlaves*, know correctly what a natural child signifies, and are intimate with every corner in Molly Seagrim's bed chamber, and with the cut of Sophia's riding habit, while the capitol and the portico are forgotten; while in vain for them shines the shield of Achilles, and the bark of Cleopatra glides along unheeded."

Mercy on us! what a glorious effusion of pompous inanity which the poor gentleman has endeavoured to trick out in gorgeous habit of our great Lexicographer. He would however have done well to inform us whether the neglect of Cleopatra's bark arose from not reading Plutarch, Shakespear, or Dryden.

Our author next proceeds to analyse and censure *The Sorrows of Werter*, and a Novel called *Vensenshon*. But here we are not competent to judge, having never been able to read more than ten pages of the former, and having never before even heard of the latter.

As Mr. Mangin has given unqualified censure to Fielding, so has he bestowed unqualified praise on Richardson; whose novels he says, "embrace an exceedingly fine system of ethicks, conveyed in a style

sufficiently clear, and in language *unusually copious.*" So copious we allow, as to be most disgustingly tedious; Mr. M. however, confines his remarks to Sir Charles Grandison, merely mentioning Clarissa, and entirely omitting Pamela. We are not, however, obliged to do the same; and as for the "noble portraits of masculine and feminine excellence, (as the author chooses to call them) in Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron," we freely say, that in our opinion, Sir Charles Grandison and his opposite Lovelace, are as much out of nature as Gnomes and Sylphs. Such an affected prude as Miss Byron, may exist, but we have always felt most interest for Clementina. As for Pamela, it is exactly calculated to produce the worst effect, which, as we have said before, novel reading is most likely to produce, the corruption of the morals of female servants, who may be induced to try how they would behave to their master when they meet him in the *summer house,* or when he rushed out of the closet in his *silk and silver night gown.*

There is also another objection to Pamela totally at issue with Mr. M's. assertion, that "no one ever yet laid down a volume of Richardson with any sentiment hostile to the interests of Virtue;" and this shall be given as delivered in the Theatre at Oxford, in a public lecture by a grave professor; speaking of this identical Novel, he says, "Nam plenæ rerum dilucidæ descriptiones quarum vel ipsa mentio libidinosa est, si virtutem non moveant solidam stabilemque, fragilem certe nihil roborant neque imbecillam." *Hawkin's Prælectiones Poeticæ.*

Mr. Mangin is equally as happy on his discrimination of the merit of poets. How could any man of common sense think of classing Pope and Swift together, whom he sagaciously observes in their poetical characters,

may be considered as parallel to Fielding and Smollet. The beastly obscenity of Swift, and the grossness of Smollett, we concede to the author's lash; but none but a Vandal could attack the merit of Pope and Fielding.

To the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Poems of Goldsmith, and to the Task of Cowper, Mr. Mangin allows the merit they unquestionably deserve; but he is absurd in the extreme, when he blames Mr. Cumberland for saying, "that the paucity of Goldsmith does not allow us to rank him in that high poetical station to which his genius might have carried him," since it must be obvious to every one, that there is more merit in writing *much* well than in writing only a *little* well. His illustration of his own doctrine is also completely absurd, as it exactly makes against himself.—He says, "When we read the Ode addressed by Horace to Aristius (22nd ode, 1st book) the Pollio of Virgil, or the Lycidas of Milton, we are satisfied that the minds from which these immutable productions emanated, were truly poetical, and of the highest class." All this is very true; but it would not have been clear, had not the execution shewn it, that they could have produced other poems, even of the same class, possessing equal merit; which Mr. Mangin very *candidly* exemplifies from Mr. Cumberland's West Indian. But who could have argued from the *opuscula* only of the great poets which are mentioned, had they stood alone, that Horace could have written his satires and epistles, Virgil the Georgics, and Milton the Paradise Lost.

Mr. Mangin does not think he sufficiently shews his critical acumen by depreciating works of acknowledged merit, without bringing some work from its merited obscurity into public notice; and he selects for this purpose a poem of Langhorne's, called *Owen of Carron*. We shall not follow him through seventeen pages of pane-

gyrical criticism on this poem, but only quote his concluding remark, that "it does not redound much to the credit of their taste, who profess themselves admirers of *Light Reading*, that they should be forward to applaud and encourage the frantic and discordant ravings of the *Della-Crusca* school, the effusions of Rosa Matilda, Anna Matilda, &c. &c. while *Owen of Carron* is unread, and perhaps altogether forgotten." Where these applauders and encouragers are to be found, since the publication of Mr. Gifford's two admirable satires, we do not know, but if any such do exist, they are exactly the persons who would admire the *namby pamby* of Langhorne.

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Mævi.

Ohe!—Iam satis est!

Remarks on the Jacobinical Tendency of the Edinburgh Review, in a Letter to the Earl of Lonsdale, By R. Wharton, Esq. M. P. Hatchard, Piccadilly, pp. 45.

THE pernicious doctrines which have been recently disseminated by the Edinburgh Review, have excited such universal disgust, that several of the most respectable and ingenious contributers to that work have withdrawn their support, being unwilling to share the obliquy which its conductors have so wickedly excited; and we understand that they have tendered their services to Mr. Murray, the London publisher, who has in consequence announced his intention of establishing a new review on opposite principles, which, from the acknowledged talents of those concerned will, we doubt not, meet with a most favorable reception from the public. Mr. Wharton, the highly respected member for Durham, has also we are happy to perceive, boldly and ably stepped forward to arrest the mischievous career of that northern pest.

The Bachelor: a Novel. In 3 vols. pp. 184, 220, 228. By Thomas George Moore, Esq. Colburn, Conduit-street, New Bond-street. 1809. Duodecimo. Price 15*s.* boards.

As portrait-collectors naturally class statesmen with statesmen, warriors with warriors, and students with students, arranging each individual head in chronological order and exact series; so reviewers often feel themselves inclined and impelled, in some measure, to arrange their subjects for criticism according to the most apparent propriety of method, and uniform regularity of plan. Not that the latter connoisseurs restrict themselves to the establishment of large masses of articles, in succession, on similar literary pursuits, although it must ever be desirable to compare cotemporary writers, who draw their pens in the same cause, with the same views; exerting the like industry, zeal, and talents, and meriting, no doubt, the like success.

Our short review of Miss Owenson's "*charming*" novel, entitled Woman, *or Ida of Athens*, [the precise counterpart, in every luscious respect, of Hebert the terrorist's *Déesse de la Raison*,] is not wholly inapplicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to Mr. Moore's far more "*delightful*" novel, now on our table: but we must confess, however reluctantly, for the honor of the sex, that the lady's work is infinitely the more dangerous and seducing: the plea of prescription is the only apology in her favour, and it is a very strong one; for we fear that, like Eve of old, Miss Owenson has the devil at her elbow when she dreams.

The Bachelor is a wild tissue of incoherences, of different demerits in point of composition and design, yet all equally insipid, puerile, ridiculous, and contemptible; relating events the most uninteresting and unlikely, in lan-

guage at once tame and inflated; and dealing out, indiscriminately and tastelessly, with surprising apathy, and in ludicrous confusion, truisms the most trite, and incidents the most incredible. We insert some few specimens:

TRUISMS.

"At 23, what we know is nothing compared to that of which we are ignorant."—Vol. i. page 2.

"There are people of quality every where."—Vol. i. page 4.

"Perfection is not given to human nature."—Ibid.

"In infancy, the walls of the parental habitation are the boundaries of the world."—Ibid.

"Happy, thrice happy those whose infancy is guided by virtuous examples!"—Vol. i. page 5.

"A Frenchman sometimes seeks a quarrel, an Englishman never spurns one."—Vol. i. page 22.—This is well expressed.

"The difference of religion cannot prevent what is great, majestic, and moving, from making an impression upon the soul."—Vol. i. page 27.

"Experience, on whose rules the sage depends, is of no avail when we *change* the scene of action."—Vol. i. page 32.

"The idle count every hour."—Vol. i. page 141.

"There are hours of the day when a young female delights in solitude."—Vol. i. page 158.—"Monsieur est delicat!!"

"It is in port that seamen love to speak of storms."—Vol. ii. page 30.

"Numerous families prosper."—Vol. ii. page 84.

We could, with ease, multiply quotations of correspondent *originality* and intrinsic excellence. Mr. Moore is not always quite so happy; for instance: "We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;" vol. i. page 6, is a line false in its statement, and malignant in its application. That "two persons cannot bear up against the long trial of matrimony;" vol. i. page 8, is a base and mean position, no less repugnant to the plainest doctrines

of holy writ, and the common evidence of human practice, than hostile to the dearest interests of society and virtue: yet, this falsehood is frequently repeated and insisted upon throughout the book. That, "*morally*, extremes love to meet;" vol. i. page 26, is a vile assertion of the same injurious tendency. That "the part of husband to a pretty woman is never very easy to perform well;" vol. i. page 45, is highly blameworthy: either it means nothing at all, and is therefore insufferably impertinent! or, which we rather suspect, it means a most indecent insinuation against the sex in general, and is therefore grossly disgusting. Indeed Mr. Moore seems to entertain a very poor opinion of the ladies. In vol. i. page 53, his heroine speaks profanely: "Well! I love you AS I SHOULD HAVE LOVED THE ALMIGHTY!!!!!!". We spare our comments. In vol. i. page 57, and in the same vol. page 137, the language of Scripture is burlesqued into foppish compliment.

Proceed we hastily from these horrors, to a contemplation of the leading

Incidents.

Lord Milford, *alias* (in process of time) Lord Wiseby, "*born on the fertile banks of the Thames*," was the legitimate son of an illustrious couple, who "would have considered the perpetuating of their name too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of the happiness of their son; accordingly, the daily lesson of his youth was an injunction *never to submit to the yoke of matrimony*."* This theory is significant, gentle reader, and, being disseminated in a meretricious novel, must wonderfully tend to improve the morals of our young masters and misses, when they begin to throw aside the manuals of *Monsieur Tabart's* more *Juvenile Library*. In process of time, the hopeful lad tra-

* Vol. i. page 8.

vels, with "a handsome case of Mortimer's *pistols*,"* for which he finds no manner of use; writes his name on a steeple, we know not why, wherefore, or with what; scribbles notes *à la mode de Southey;* and fights a duel with *swords*, which is thus sublimely and pathetically narrated: "When they afterwards met in the Place de St. Mark, he [*scil.* the Frenchman] said to him, [*scil.* to Lord Milford, *alias* Lord Wiseby] in a tone of defiance: *I am at your service, my Lord.——What do you mean, Sir?* Asked Lord M——. *It is not usual to tread on the foot of a gentleman, unless to provoke him. I imagine that I must have said or done something which has not the good fortune to meet with your approbation. Here is my name and address.* M. took the card, on which he read—' Count Victor de Leyris, Colonel in the service of France. At the Canareggio'—and he answered, coolly, *I congratulate you, Count; you live in a handsome spot.* The Frenchman, persuaded that this was a new insult, insisted on satisfaction. The Englishman offered it immediately. They sought a private street, and drew their swords. They fought with equal valour; but Lord M., as skilful as he was alert, quickly wounded his adversary. *Are you satisfied?* said he.—*Yes!* answered Victor."†

The following love-letter is a curiosity: "Estro miprende: bramo vederti; disponi del quando. Addio."‡ This passage is sensual and brutish; we leave it untranslated, *pour cause.* And here we close our extracts:—The novel is execrable in the design, and, if possible, still worse in the execution.

* Vol. i. page 11.

† Vol. i. pages 20, 21.

‡ Vol. i. page 24.

Poems. By the Rev. James Hurdis, D. D. late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. In 3 vols. pp. 224, 199, 203. Oxford, at the University press, for J. Parker; Messrs. Rivingtons, St. Paul's Church-yard; and Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster-row, 1808. Published by subscription. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* duodecimo.

This is a very neat publication by William Hayley, Esq. and it is modestly presented to the world with a DEDICATION to the Queen's most excellent majesty; in the names, and for the benefit, we presume, of the author's sisters. The list of subscribers is extensive, filling thirty-one closely-printed pages; the profit, therefore, of the undertaking is unquestionably great: but we must say that, in our humble opinion, the editor and his booksellers have acted in an unjustifiable manner, by withholding *the extra copies subscribed for, which amounted to 246 in all.* Mr. H. tells us, that he intended only to ensure a handsome collection for his fair wards, by authorising the retention of such copies: but, we confess, we do not much admire that curious morality, which induces a gentleman to effect his benevolent intentions by defrauding 108 subscribers of their *extra copies liberally paid for in honourable and implicit confidence.* It signifies little whether the majority of these fashionable sufferers will, or will not, submit to so singular and unexpected an exaction, without a murmur of complaint; little, we mean, to the public at large: surely, however, a gentleman like Mr. H. of known respectability, owes it as a bounden duty to his own character to give *every* subscriber an option upon the subject. SOME, we know, ARE OFFENDED; *and*, we doubt not, *many are dissatisfied.* Dr. Hurdis was, himself, ever accounted a man of rigid integrity, and undeviating rectitude: our opinion of his present editor is

such, that we most sincerely wish he may be able satisfactorily to explain a procedure, which (as literary guardians of the public purse) we hesitate not to denominate *novel, and strangely ambiguous.*

The "POEMS," we believe, have all previously appeared in print; they are, now, carefully revised, and published in a mode that does credit to the press of Oxford.

Retrospection, a Poem, supposed to be written by a Lady in a lingering illness; and other small Pieces, published for her benefit. pp. 40. Hookham, 31, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 1808. Published by subscription. Price Five Shillings, duodecimo.

Eight pages contain the names of such compassionate friends as have done themselves honour by extending their patronage and protection to a young and truly interesting female (Miss A. Jennings), who has now been confined to her chamber for six years, with a hopeless internal malady, and in very slender circumstances. The poems are six in number; and evince great respectability of talent and undoubted benevolence of disposition; in language at once apposite, chaste, simple, and pathetic. The following sweet little piece we select, not for its superiority, but merely on account of its brevity and classical turn of expression: it will remind our intelligent readers of a justly celebrated incident recorded in the *Anthologia*:—

AN OCCURRENCE.

With nursing tir'd, a mother slept,
Reposing too in heavenly rest
Her infant slumber'd on her breast,
And all around still silence kept.

At length, the little prattler spoke;
And female friends officious tried
Swift to convey it from her side,
Ere yet it had its mother woke.

When, though asleep, by nature taught,
At their attempts the mother smil'd,
And struggled to retain her child,
And to her heart her darling caught.

Resolv'd her little charge to keep,
Vain their attempts to make them part,
For still she baffled every art,
And NATURE TRIUMPH'D OVER SLEEP.

Every *extra* subscription-copy of this work, we are assured, was scrupulously forwarded to its address, by the amiable and anonymous editor.

An Historical Review of the Commercial, Political, and Moral State of Hindoostan, from the earliest period to the present time: the rise and progress of Christianity in the East, its present condition; and the means and probability of its future advancement. With an Introduction and Map, illustrating the relative situation of the British Empire in the East. By Robert Chatfield, L.L.B. Vicar of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire. pp. 451. Richardson, 23 Cornhill, 1808, quarto.

At a time like the present, when our recent transactions in India, and Bonaparte's ripening projects against our unwieldy Asiatic power, naturally demand and secure the attention of our political men of talents, it is highly pleasing to read a production on the subject, written with judgment, elegance, and taste, in the spirit of loyalty and candour, and replete with strong reasonings deduced from diligent study of the best authorities, and grounded on the evidence of facts. Such is the production before

us. In the correct language of a scholar, and with the liberal sentiments of a gentleman, our worthy divine has composed a volume, that men of business may read for instruction, and men of leisure for entertainment. Mr. Chatfield's style is easy and clear, and his observations invariably seem to spring spontaneously out of the immediate topic of discussion. It cannot be expected that we should forestall the certain pleasure which the public will experience from perusing this well-timed and admirably executed book; our praise, alas! we generally feel bound to comprise in a narrow compass, and the title of our work must prove an imperious excuse: still, although necessity in a great measure restrains us from saying more, our own devotion to sound literature, and our love of truth, will not permit THE SATIRIST to say less.

Woman; or Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson. In four vols. pp. 223, 272, 192, 290. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-row, 1809. Price 20*s.* duodecimo.

Miss Owenson is, as she vaunts herself, "indolent and volatile;" she is the supposed author of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and of *The Novice of St. Dominick;* and she boasts of having already written almost as many volumes as she has existed years: nay, she even asserts,

"I have been *necessitated* to compose with great rapidity, and my little works have been *always* printed from an *illegible* MS. in one country, while their author was the resident of another. It is a fact (that can be attested by my publishers), that I never corrected a proof sheet of any one of my works, nor ever resided in England during their printing or publication."—VOL. I. "*To the Public*," page 6.

Like Master Bobby, who scribbled off his "Joan of Arc" in six weeks, this fair one declares solemnly, that

The Wild Irish Girl was written in six weeks; *The Sketches* in one; and *Woman* was not begun until the 20th of last July! It was written, she adds, at intervals, in England, Wales, and Ireland, and almost always in the midst of what is called *the world;* it was finished (how wonderful!) on the 18th of October, and is now printed from the first copy!!!

To lavish criticism on a rambling, wild, and totally unconnected rhapsody, scribbled through the impulse of dire *necessity*, and printed from an *illegible* MS.: a rhapsody, too, disgraced with innumerable inaccuracies of style, and disfigured with blunders of the press; would really be to waste the application of our own industry, to insult our readers, and most cruelly to sport with the poverty of a necessitous writer. Much good paper has, indisputably, been blotted in England, Wales, and Ireland, by pretty Miss Owenson; much, however, has been spoilt in the former country by her injudicious publishers. *The Wild Irish Girl* was, indeed, an incomprehensible romance; but *Woman, or Ida of Athens,* is incoherency itself, arrayed in phraseology of the most *ungrammatical* and inflated kind. But, neither is this all our objection. Bad and vitiated as is the diction, and extravagantly absurd as is the story, still, these faults are trivial in our opinion, when we reflect on the wanton imagery and the loose sentimentality of expressions that reign throughout the volumes. If Miss Owenson's words and thoughts neither "breathe" nor "burn," if her incidents are insipid, and her male and female personages stupid and inanimate, it must nevertheless be admitted, on all sides, that the lady's imagination was not idle, and that she has failed of producing a dangerous book, through mere want of genius, and not through want of inclination or study. Vol. II., pages 272, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 258, 9, proves this beyond all controversy.

The inaccuracy of the style is astonishing in one who pretends to a smattering of education. Every volume is replete with the most pitiable instances of gross and unpardonable illiteracy: it is needless to attempt a selection of these instances—let some of the last we noticed suffice:—

"Thou *whom*, once loved, *art* never to be forgotten," VOL. IV. p. 245. "*Him* whom I loved in early youth *is* still the object of an unrequited tenderness; IBID. p, 248. "*It was* the burning *tears* of Oysmyn that bathed her hands; IBID. p. 276. "*It was* Ida's *arms*, that—" IBID. p. 285. &c. &c. &c. "Love mingling *sensurous* expressions;" IBID. p. 284.

That Miss Owenson should be considered by many a simpering girl of fifteen as a "charming novellist," surprises us not; we know but too well the inflammability and the wild enthusiasm of the female heart, at that age of sensibility and inexperience: but that our author should herself madly exult in the hasty mode in which she spins out her crudities, of a truth, does surprise us much. With the fair lady's personal and private history, we own, we are not anxious to be intimately acquainted. Thus much, however, we shall not hesitate to affirm, as our decided opinion:—*The female who toils, by day and by night, to debauch the delicacy of her sex, differs only in rank from the common procuress, in proportion to her temptations, her means, and her opportunities.*

The Church-Yard, and other Poems. By Geo. Woodley. Printed for Samuel Tipper, Leadenhall-street, 1808. Price 6*s.* boards.

We have long avoided noticing those works which are ushered into the world by our own publisher, lest it should be supposed that THE SATIRIST, like other Reviews, is merely a bookseller's property, and prostituted to the purposes of his private emolument; but the poems

before us contain, among numerous errors, such splendid promise of future excellence, that we feel it our duty, as the patrons of genius, to recommend them to the attention of such of our readers as delight in the unsophisticated effusions of an ardent and feeling mind, devoted to the service of the Muses. On perusing the title page of this little volume we felt, from the simplicity of these pursuits, it must have been almost impossible for Mr. Woodley to have trespassed on the poetical domain of Dr. Blair; and it must be confessed that many passages of his *Church-Yard* so nearly resemble "*The Grave*," that we fear less indulgent critics will attribute the coincidence to plagiarism. It is, however, our decided opinion that Mr. Woodley has, in some instances, not only equalled, but even transcended his admired predecessor; and surely so young a man, and so young a poet, cannot expect a higher tribute to his genius.

We think that the following extract will acquit us of having bestowed unmerited approbation. After having related a melancholy story of a lovely girl, who fell a victim to the arts of a libertine, the author thus vents his indignation against seduction:—

> "Sure if the brute, who, for his appetites
> Submits to slav'ry's most degraded state;
> And where the weathercock of passion points
> Implicitly pursues;—if even *he*
> Would let a transient thought his breast invade,
> He'd seek no more to buy a sordid joy
> With such a dreadful loss to her who sells!
> But ah! how vain the wish! To Libertines
> Reason is hell and thought is worse than death;
> Folly and vice their undivided aim
> Till endless ruin stop their mad career!

The succeeding lines are even better—

> "How many are the roads that lead to Death;
> How many latent cords the spectre boasts

To draw us downward to his drear domains!
Though young our years, by foul debauch unstained;
Though ruddy as the rose our blushing cheek,
And nimble as the hart our active frame,
How soon, when sickness, with mephitic breath,
Breathes on the feeble plant its beauty's lost,
Gone, like a leaf before the cutting gale:
Should sickness spare nor fierce disease arrest
The ever flowing stream; yet even then
How many latent ills hang o'er our heads!

Death, hid in ambush, from a thousands posts
Prepares his arrows; and the mandate given,
Wings them with aim unerring to their mark!
And yet, as if the joint attacks of Age
(Sure marksman he if every other fail!)
Were not enough to execute his work,
Man (from the first officious to his bane)
Finds out new passages to th' other world;
Scorning the beaten track; and with the foe
Contracts unnatural league against himself!
—See where yon lordly monument presents
Its ample list of virtues, fair and bright;
He, it commemorates, I blush to tell,
Gave up his life—not at the burning stake
Sealing with blood the honour of his faith,
Not Nelson like, amidst the enemy
Contending nobly in his country's cause,—
But in compliance with a barb'rous vestige
Of barb'rous times."——Pages 26, 27, and 28.

We advise Mr. Woodley to correct the following palpable errors in the next edition;

" Reason's bright lamp *nor* Revelations beam
Had power, &c.———Page 29.

To make the sense and the metre correct it should have been

Nor reason's lamp *nor* revelation's beam
Had power, &c.——" *Saucy* hand." Page 32.

"But ah the concert dies! *she* droops her voice
And sighing, sinks again—*into herself.*"—Page 37.

This surely is a strange personification—nor can we conceive how even a *concert* could *sigh* after it was *dead*, unless our ingenious young bard alludes to the *groans of* its *ghost*. The apostrophe to a skull (pages 40 and 41) is too like Hamlet's. We cannot help lamenting that many of the Minor Poems were not omitted. The following lines "To *Capel Lofft, Esq.* on his inserting the preceding poem in his collection entitled 'LAURANA,' are neat and elegant:—

"Down in a wild, a sun-deserted vale,
A modest, solitary lily blew
Beneath a stormy sky and nipping gale
Unnoticed, to the air its sweets it threw.
But lo! a skilful florist mark'd the shade
Where all unheeded, and unknown, it grew,
With friendly eye the humble flow'r surveyed,
And brought the lowly stranger into view.
Transplanted now, amidst a gay parterre,
Surrounded by the silk-leaved host, it blows,
Inhales new vigour from a genial air,
Made comrade to the aromatic rose!
From such compeers new charms it shall receive,
And borrow fragrance which it cannot give.
Page 137.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

OPERA HOUSE.

We were last season sufficiently disgusted by the *mis*-management of this theatre, and had frequently occasion to censure Mr. Taylor's impolitic and unbecoming conduct towards the public. Catalani was then the sole object of attraction at the Italian Opera, and the immen-

valuable, as exhibiting traits of national character, which may find some real parallels in less romantic times."—Antijacobin Review.

"The present publication is likely to excite particular attention, as the HISTORY of one of the *most consummate warriors*," &c. "Mr. Southey's translation of the Chronicles of the Cid is therefore *opportunely offered* to public notice.—The Chronicles of the Cid are written with the *most* UNAFFECTED SIMPLICITY, with *primitive plainness*; and, in this point of view, were ADMIRABLY ADAPTED *to the powers of their translator.**—Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid will *reward the attention* of those who delight to explore the transactions of chivalrous centuries. It is FULL OF SIMPLICITY *and sensibility*; and as *amusing*, as it is *interesting*."—Beau Monde.

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2. A Portraiture of Methodism, in a Series of Letters addressed to a Lady; by Joseph Nightingale.

"It is IMPOSSIBLE for any man of tolerable information, and right feelings, to *treat* the *memory* of Mr. *Wesley*, or the *society* to which he has given a constitution and a name, *with* deliberate *disrespect*. How then shall we persuade our readers that Mr. Nightingale, who was a preacher in this connection, has been able, deliberately, to write a volume *calculated* to make it appear *contemptible* in the estimation of the world!—He has left a *sect* distinguished by its SCRUPULOUS MORALITY, *remarkable* for evincing CANDOUR," &c. "Mr. Nightingale has not said a syllable to unfold the motives which have induced him to *lampoon* the methodists.—The reader gives him full credit for the intention, while he discerns the futility of his *malice*.—There are some extravagances and indecorums, it is true, which Mr. Nightingale broadly asserts to be common in the methodist connection. We have not the smallest doubt that these blemishes are *grossly exaggerated* and *caricatured*.—Mr. Nightingale's book is GOOD FOR

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* *Proh deûm atque hominum fidem!* The Beau Monde must *surely, surely*, be *quizzing* Mr. Southey!—SATIRIST.

NOTHING. It is *useless* to the general reader, because it affords *no* distinct *view* of the *history* of the methodists, *no* plain intelligible *exposition* of their *constitution*, *no* prominent and forcible *delineation* of their peculiar *character*," &c. "We sincerely hope it will never again be our duty to defend against so *gross a calumniator* any society of *zealous* and EXEMPLARY *Christians*."—Eclectic Review.

"Among all the devices which spring from luxury and wealth in modern times, unquestionably none have been so successful or so advantageous as the modern *trade of methodism*; although no rational person will contend that it was either more useful or more necessary than the labours of *Opera-singers*, *Harlequins*, or any other exhibitions which sacrifice reason and judgment to the passions. That it has been much more *extensively* INJURIOUS *to* genuine MORALITY and true religion than any of the above callings or trades, the treatise now under consideration *will fully prove*. It must be confessed indeed that the *methodistic trade*, unlike that of other crafts, has not advanced in honor as in lucrative emoluments; for although it is much more advantageous now than in the early days of the Wesleys, it is as *much more disgraceful* in the estimation of all reasoning Christians. When *coalheavers*, *shoemakers*, and *tailors*, *without* either *learning* or *talents*, and *too lazy* and *too unprincipled* to follow their trades and maintain themselves by honest industry, after qualifying themselves for the *hulks* or *Botany-bay*, call themselves *preachers* and *teachers* of the word of the Lord! and when some of these bold adventurers, by their arts and intrigues, accumulate riches, wanton in luxury, sport their couple of carriages, and return to all their early habits of notorious debauchees, yet still retain the character and practice of methodism; should we then be surprised if, from the experience of mankind, the epithet '*methodist*' should degenerate like that of 'knave,' and in due time become *synonymous with* the epithet *felon*?—Were we to proceed in our analysis of this 'portraiture' in the manner of Lavater, we should begin by observing its leading features of *hypocrisy*, *superstition*, *idolatry*, *bigotry*, *ambition*, *covetousness*, *concupiscence*, *blind zeal*, *and presumptive ignorance*. —The charms of these love-feasts" [of the early methodists]

" certainly were not unobserved by a man so amorous* as *John Wesley.* The *blasphemous rhodomontade* with which these deluded people used to express their feelings, and propagate 'the work of methodism,' is here very properly detailed. The history of *John Wesley's pretended* persecutions and miraculous escapes, sufficiently pourtrays the *vanity* and *unchristian presumption* of the man. The preachings, or rather the *ravings, of John Wesley,* have *made* more *sceptics,*" &c.—Antijacobin Review.

" The author doubts not that an impression will be left on the

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* The subject is a disgusting one; but that circumstance is often attached to the curative treatment both of bodily and mental impurities, and therefore shall not prevent us from fixing the attention of our readers on this peculiar feature of the methodistic outline. The salacious character of old John Wesley is stamped on almost every page of the Hymns that he issued to his wretched dupes, and of which we have already given a specimen (Satirist, vol iii. p. 231). What but this feature makes it notoriously a point of lucrative speculation to fill the pulpit of a methodist chapel with a handsome young preacher, for the purpose of attracting a numerous concourse of old women and their dependents; and afterwards crowds the windows of the print-shops with the physiognomies of " the reverend William Bengo Collyer," and the rest of the smirking fraternity? And what else unites a liquorish widow to the brawny coalheaver, who is the proprietor, and principal performer, of the weekly exhibition in Tichfield-street; and consigns to an ignorant and avaricious fanatic, a fortune earned by a life of honorable industry?

Having incidentally alluded to the bridal Hymn in our thirteenth Number, we shall just take this opportunity of observing, that *every one* of the passages there *quoted* by us, *and the two which we did not quote,* are contained in the *last* edition of Wesley's Hymns; and are among the rhymes *at present* sung at the chapel in the City Road, lately graced with the *eloquent* effusions of the great *doctor* Clarke, librarian to that most evangelical concern called the Surry Institution. From the latter comfortable post, however, the *doctor* is at this moment in imminent hazard of being ousted, in consequence of the *kind* representations of " some d—d good-natured friends," that it is incompatible with the *dignity* of the *doctor* as a distinguished member of *the Conference*!—SATIRIST.

mind of the candid and discerning reader, *favourable* to the cause and interest of the Wesleyan Christians. The *candour* and *equity* of the author are truly meritorious, both where he praises and where he finds fault. We have derived from the perusal of his book both *pleasure* and *information*, and can safely recommend it to the notice of the public."—Annual Review.

"We have derived from Mr. Nightingale's book both *instruction* and *amusement*; and are the better pleased with it, not only because it appears to contain *the truth*, but because we can discover no *motive* for its publication but the *love of truth*. The work consists of forty-four letters, *no one* of which can be said to be *uninteresting*. Mr. Nightingale's IMPARTIALITY is scarcely to be doubted. Where he can, he praises and commends; where he cannot, he censures freely, and apparently *with much reason* and *good sense*. We shall close our account of this publication with our thanks to Mr. Nightingale for the *curious* and *interesting information* it contains."—British Critic.

"The title of the present work is evidently borrowed from Mr. Clarkson's account of the quakers, and the author seems to be solicitous of emulating that gentleman in his FIDELITY and IMPARTIALITY in the relation of facts. *Every part* of the great machine of modern methodism is here *developed*."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Nightingale's book contained a *full* and *impartial* account of a sect," &c.—"We pass over the *ample detail* which Mr. Nightingale has given, of the methodistical *discipline and government*. Those who wish to be acquainted with the subject, will find that it contains the *most satisfactory information*."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

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3. Original Poetry; by a Member of Christ's College, Cambridge.

"Had this Cantab never written a line but what he has entitled," &c. "we should have pronounced him *a poet*. Delicacy, sensibility, and *exquisite taste*, are conspicuous in these short poems."—Antijacobin Review.

"These compositions bear evident marks both of the *carelessness* and of the inexperience of youth. In the present times, even

youthful poets usually display a correct versification; but several lines in these poems are *not verses.*"—British Critic.

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4. The Ratiad, a serio-comic poem; by an Anti-Hudibrassian.

"The *characters* are *kept* sufficiently *distinct*, the *unities* of time and place are *carefully observed*, and the *diction* is generally *natural and easy.*"—Critical Review.

"A *considerable portion* of talent for *humorous writing* is here wasted.—To shew that the author is *not deficient in talent*, the following simile may suffice."—British Critic.

"If by 'Anti' we are to understand a pledge of something *entirely opposed to* the wit, *humour*, character, and burlesque, of Hudibras, no action can lie for breach of promise."—Monthly Mirror.

"We are reduced to the deplorable confession of our *utter inability* to see much meaning in this poem, or *any merit* in the little meaning that is visible."—Eclectic Review.

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5. A Treaty on the Law of Idiocy and Lunacy, by A. Highmore.

"If this treatise does not display deep legal erudition, nor consummate authorship, it embraces all the information that immediately relates to its object, and which it communicates in a familiar and *agreeable manner.*"—Monthly Review.

"The subject of this treatise is of considerable importance, and the law which relates to it is arranged by Mr. Highmore with *precision* and PERSPICUITY."—Critical Review,

"We wish Mr. Highmore had been content to follow the old precedent, and have satisfied himself with giving us a plain unvarnished statement of law and fact. But aspiring to shine as a writer, as well as to instruct as a compiler, the perpetual attempt to excel in the former character, makes him *very often* UNINTELLIGIBLE in the latter.—This sentence is closed with a note of admiration: we wish the writer had likewise accompanied it with a note of explanation; for its *meaning*, and the meaning of *many other pages* of this treatise, *set our* best *inquiries at defiance.*"—Oxford Review.

6. Moral Tales for Young People, by Mrs. Hurry.

"Most of these tales have an useful tendency; and in point of invention and style, they excel the greater number of similar productions. We fear however from the first tale, that Mrs. Hurry does not exclude anger and revenge from her catalogue of virtues; as she has exhibited them so closely united with many amiable dispositions in her young hero. We admire a manly and generous spirit, and detest meanness, as much as this good lady can do; but we would not *encourage* those passions which *lead to the gibbet*; any more than those habits which lead to the pillory."—Eclectic Review.

"The language is generally pure, and the *sentiments* are *always virtuous and correct.*"—Oxford Review.

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7. A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland; by the late Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford: enlarged, and continued to the present Time, by Thomas Park, F.S.A.

"The original work, though modestly termed a Catalogue, occasionally contains bold and SPIRITED sketches of character, executed in a *peculiar* style. In this continuation, NO *brilliant* touches appear in the biographical delineations, to prove that Thomas Park has caught the mantle of Horace Walpole."—Monthly Review.

"We may dismiss Mr. Park's elegant useful labours in improving Lord Orford's Catalogue, with the praise that is justly due to a man versed in literary history, and enabled by a cultivated taste to ENLIVEN and connect the shortest notices that can be recovered of the biography of past times."—British Critic.

"To follow a writer not only of such vivacity, but of so marked and *peculiar* character, as Lord Orford, was an attempt of no common difficulty. But Mr. Park seems to have constantly remembered that he was his editor, and not his rival. He has *very properly*, therefore, forborne to endeavour to ape Lord Orford's manner. He has conducted his additions without affectation; more anxious to be instructive than *brilliant*, and sound than witty."—Monthly Mirror.

8. The Caitiff of Corsica, an Historical Drama.

"A brief but *faithful* history of Buonaparte and his atrocious associates, from the beginning of the revolution to his becoming an emperor. A very interesting sketch of all the revolutionary monsters are* given as a preface to this *excellent* drama. The *true* character of Buonaparte is happily seized. As a picture, and *not* an *exaggerated* one," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"The writer before us has scraped together all the *foul stories* and *malignant lies* engendered by the revolution, and is feasting on the *farrago*."—Annual Review.

Parallel Criticism.†

Talents Improved, or the Philanthropist.

"The authoress has taken pains to dress truth in a pleasing garb; and as the subject is *naturally grave*, it is no small commendation to affirm that she *never degenerates into dullness*."—Critical Review for June 1807.

"Her pages are *confessedly grave*, but that gravity *has not degenerated into dullness*."—British Critic for November 1808.

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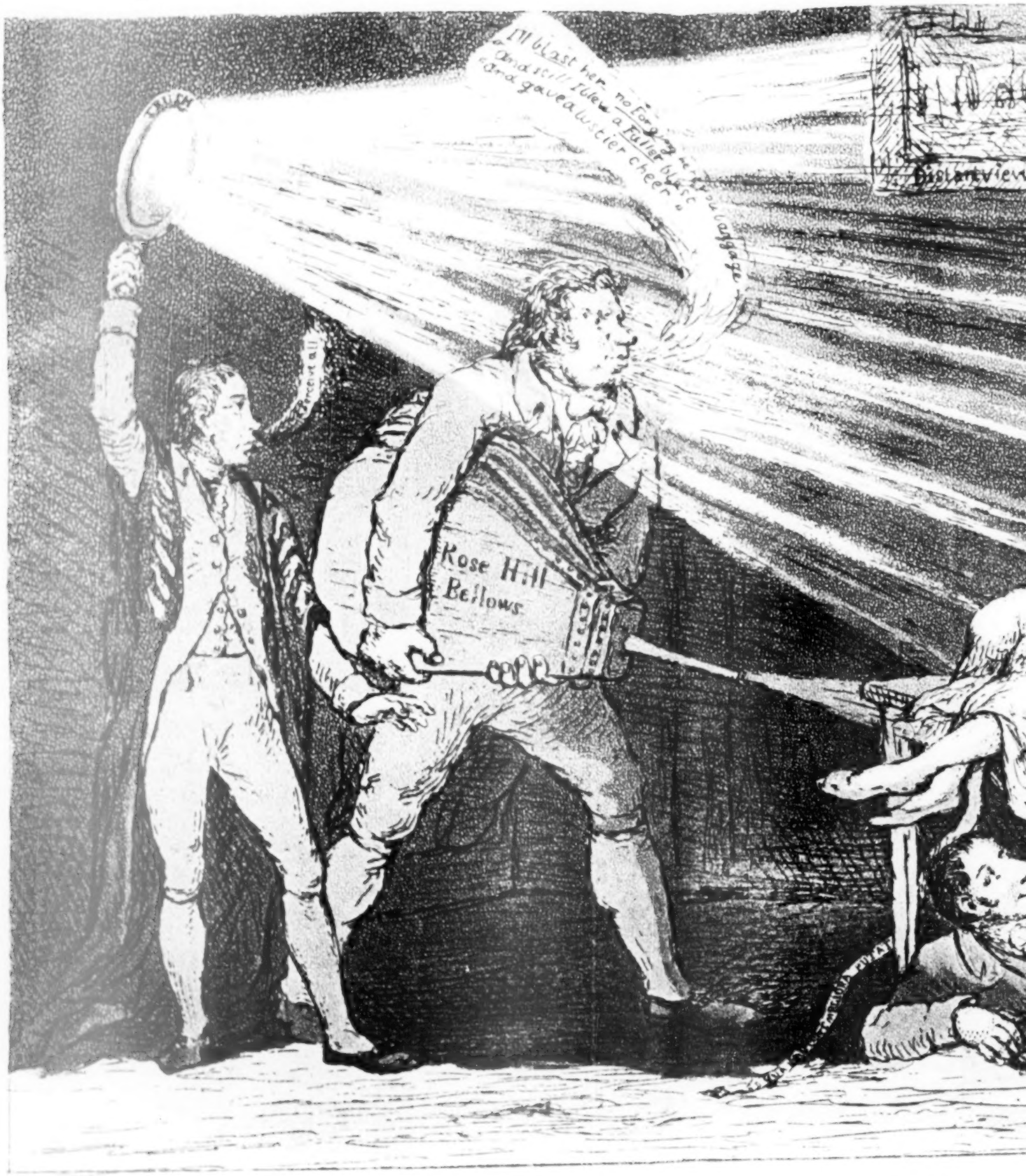
* *Are*: so in the original.—SAT.

† Our quotations under this head will never be made from sources which are professedly mere compilations, but solely from articles purporting to be original. The solution of these cases, whenever they occur, we must leave wholly to our readers. Those who know the *wholesale trade* in criticisms, carried on by *established manufacturers* in that line, may be inclined to consider some of the instances as *commodities got up* by the *same hand*, but with a small *variety* in the *patterns*, to suit the *tastes* and *habits* of the different Reviews. Some (and perhaps in this class the example now given) will probably be accounted for in another way:—the practice (once thought so great a step toward perfection in the art) of reviewing books *without reading them*, may have been found still too laborious; and may have accordingly given place to the further improvement, of a system of *mutual transcription* among the critical journals. There is an old story of a dealer who stole the *materials* for making his brooms, but yet was undersold by a rival who stole *his* brooms *ready-made*.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.



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